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No. 400

## THE CITY ON THE HILL.

BY EBEN E. REEFORD.

I know a quiet city,  
A beautiful, strange city,  
A white and peaceful city  
Upon a sunny hill.  
There daisies fair are blowing,  
And soft winds coming, going,  
Among the green grass, growing  
Along the streets so still.  
The streets are long and narrow,  
And the brown thrush and the sparrow  
Their little nests have builded  
Deep in the flower-flecked grass.  
You will hear the song of linnet,  
And the robin's carol in it,  
Whenever this strange city  
Your footsteps chance to pass.  
There are no sounds of sorrow,  
No longings for to-morrow,  
No pain to fear or borrow  
Within its quiet streets;  
But all is peaceful, over  
The green grass and the clover,  
And rest you may discover  
Within its green retreats.  
Oh, in that fair white city,  
That beautiful white city,  
No thought of pain or pity  
Can touch the dweller's breast.  
And there, all cares forgetting,  
Beyond the world's regretting,  
In that strange, hillside city,  
How sweet shall be our rest.

## Gold Dan:

OR,

The White Savages of the Great Salt Lake.

A TERRIBLE TALE OF THE DANITES OF MORMON LAND.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN,

AUTHOR OF "VELVET HAND," "INJUN DICK,"  
"OVERLAND KIT," "WOLF DEMON,"  
"WITCHES OF NEW YORK,"  
"BLACK DIAMOND," ETC.

### CHAPTER I.

THE CHIEF OF THE DANITES.

"By that lake whose gloomy shore  
Sky-lark never warbled o'er—"

The Great Salt Lake in the heart of the continent; that strange body of water within whose confines fish swim not, whose borders are incrustured with salty crystals, glistening, diamond-like, in the sun; whose dense, saline waters reject the human who essays to plunge beneath the wave; and of this wondrous lake, so strange, so wild, and of this wondrous lake, so terrible, so improbable, that even credulous man might refuse to believe that such things could be, were not the pages of history already stained with the red story of the impartial historian.

We write of the days of the spring of '69, when the great overland road was rapidly approaching completion, and already the grading parties of both the Central and the Union Pacific railways were in strong force in the neighborhood of the town of Corinne, on Bear river, just to the north of the Great Salt Lake. It is a lovely night in the month of April, and the clear heavens above are spangled with a myriad of stars, and these peaceful watchers looked down upon as strange a scene as they ever had beheld since the world was young.

In a secluded nook on Antelope island, the largest of the little groups which dot the waters of the lake, burned a camp-fire, and around the flames were gathered a motley collection of men, twelve or fifteen in number.

One might search all the border, from the waters of the Missouri to the golden sands of the placid Pacific, and yet not find a dozen as desperate fellows.

All were armed to the teeth, with one exception, and he, with his plain black suit and clerical aspect, was a strange contrast to the rest.

These armed ruffians, so fierce of face and so lawless in aspect, were Danites—the "Destroying Angels" of the Mormon host, and the black-coated man was a Mormon elder.

After generations, when they read the record of the Danites, will wonder that such things could be in a Christian land, and think perhaps that the story is over-wrought, when in reality the half of the dark deeds done in the gloomy canyons and desolate wastes of Utah will never be revealed until the Judgment Day, when the murdered victims rise in accusing wrath.

Early in the existence of the Salt Lake settlement, the wily and unscrupulous leaders of this strange band of zealots saw that to crush opposition, awe the timid and overbear the bold, it was necessary to use the sword. A sentence in Genesis suggested the means: "Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth the horse's heels, so that his rider shall fall backward."

And so the Mormon elders instituted the Tribe of Dan, the Destroying Angels—a cohort of ruffians who faithfully carried out the orders given them.

Woe then to the man, or men, who attempted to offer resistance to the will of the Mormon leaders! One or many it mattered not, the merciless arm of the Danites struck them down. The deed was done, generally, in secret; then these apostles of a false creed lifted up their voices and prated of the "vengeance of the Lord."

And now by night, and in secret, we conduct the reader to a meeting of the Danites.

The "Angels" were scattered around the fire, reclining in various attitudes; the Mor-



"You foolish fellow! don't you know that it is as much as your life is worth to come here?"

mon elder, a stout, gross fellow, with coarse features, pig-like eyes, and a jaw like a bulldog, had just made his appearance beside the camp-fire.

It was evident that he had been expected, for one and all nodded in recognition.

This elder, Gideon Biddeman by name, was one high in favor with the Mormon "Prophet," and his chosen mouth-piece when orders were to be given to the Destroying Angels.

"Bless you, my children!" exclaimed the elder, extending his arms in a mock benediction; "all up to time, eh?" casting his eyes over the group. "That's good, for I've come to talk business to you to-night. You are all brothers of the tribe of Dan, the swords of the Lord—the Destroying Angels, who, with flaming steel, cut off the enemies of the Church of Zion. We are all bound by an oath—an oath sealed with blood, to carry out the will of the Lord, revealed to us through his anointed priests, the pillars of our Zion; and the penalty of breaking that oath—what is it?"

"Death!" answered a dozen voices, in chorus. "Right, brothers, right! death to the traitor—death to him who refuses, either through fear or favor, to execute the orders given him, even though it were to give the fatal stroke to his own kin."

The ruffians looked at each other curiously. This lengthy prelude meant business; something out of the common was about to transpire.

"We meet to-night for important business, and in order that it may be accepted as it should be accepted, I recall your oath to your minds. Brothers, there is a traitor in our band—a man recreant to the oath he swore; his doom is death, and we have met to-night to inflict the penalty."

Silence succeeded the words of the elder. The Destroyers glared at each other in astonishment.

Then the Mormon leader again spoke: "Let the man rise, avow his fault and plead for mercy!" he exclaimed.

No one moved.

"Then in face of all I will denounce him," the elder continued. "The traitor is John Clark, Duke of Corinne!"

A hoarse murmur of astonishment came from the lips of the ruffians, at this announcement.

And then, with a sudden bound, a man was on his feet—a tall, well-proportioned fellow, clad like a hunter in a full deer-skin suit, richly trimmed and ornamented—a man of forty or thereabouts, with a lion-like head, clear-cut features, darkly bronzed by the sun, and wearing ever a stern, saturnine look. His jet-black hair was rudely cropped short, Indian fashion, across the temples, and hung in long tangled masses down upon his shoulders.

John Clark was no common man; for years he had been the chief of the Danites and was reputed to hold his life as carelessly as though lives were to be had for the asking. A man not given to brawling, and yet, when in liquor, he was utterly desperate and quick to resent an affront. Duke of Corinne he was commonly called, and with good reason, for on more than one occasion he had "cleaned out" that lively town, which, at the time of which we write, was increasing in importance every day, being the head-quarters of the grading parties engaged on the railroad.

"You are a liar, elder Gideon, and for two pins I'd put a bullet through your heart!" the Danite leader cried, one of his silver-mounted revolvers glistening in his hand, the hammer

raised and the muzzle leveled full at the breast of the Mormon.

The elder's face, ever a ghastly yellow-white, turned still more ghastly, and, as his trembling eyes glanced around the amazed circle of ruffians, he saw that not a man of them all was disposed to interfere.

"Take it back, elder! take it back, you lying bound! Though I wear your Mormon collar, I'm no Mormon dog!" the Danite cried. "The vengeance of the Lord and the sword of Gideon may do well enough for the poor devils whom we hunt down, but such trash is wasted upon me! I do your dirty work because I am a villain and an outlaw, and your Prophet pays well for it, but I don't fear you, backed by all Salt Lake. You can't put your heel on my neck and walk over me!"

"Hold on—don't be so cursed quick!" exclaimed the Mormon elder, just a little tremulously, and evidently alarmed for his personal safety.

"Don't you use your tongue so freely, then," Clark replied, grimly. "We ain't in Salt Lake now, where you scold like women at night and make it up in the morning, but here in the wilderness where every man is free and equal. You may be a great gun down yonder, and the outlaw nodded his head, contemptuously, to where Salt Lake City, the Zion of these "Latter-Day Saints," nestled beneath the shelter of the white-crested Wah-satch mountains; "but up here you ain't any better than anybody else!"

"I only do my duty," the elder said, sulkily; "you have betrayed the trust reposed in you, and the church wants to know why you have done so! Just carry your mind back to the Mountain Meadows massacre."

### CHAPTER II.

THE ACCUSATION.

A FROWN came over the face of the Danite leader as he listened to the words of the Mormon elder—a frown in which all the older members of the band joined as their minds reverted to the past.

The Mountain Meadows massacre! The pages of history do not record a wicked-er or a more merciless slaughter.

The helpless emigrants, first lured into a trap and afterward ruthlessly shot down by the Mormon fighting-men disguised as Indians, and then their property distributed among these saintly men of Zion!

"And what of the Mountain Meadows massacre?" cried the Danite, sternly and hoarsely. "Is that deed of blood never to be forgotten? You and I, elder, will roast in hell some day for our share in that thing if there is to be any judgment hereafter!"

A sneer passed over the coarse face of the Mormon. A coward at heart and yet no slave to superstition, living man alone he dreaded; the terrors of the reckoning in the world to come affrighted not his soul.

"The flaming sword of the Lord struck then, and Zion rejoiced to know that her enemies were smitten, hip and thigh!" retorted the elder, with the snuff of a candle to the heart of the canting hypocrite. "It ill becometh you, a good son of the church, Zion's right-hand man, to speak in such terms of the righteous deed."

"Elder, when Satan receives us below after judgment is passed, he'll cry out, 'I can't have those Mormon butchers in here; they'll corrupt my kingdom. Give them a snug corner and a few bushels of brimstone and let them

set up a hell of their own,'" the Danite replied, in biting sarcasm.

"Enough of this!" commanded Biddeman, stung by the hoarse chuckle which escaped from the lips of the outlaws at this doubtful compliment. "I did not come here to bandy words with you, but to accuse you of an offense which you have committed, and to listen to your answer."

"Go ahead; but what has the Mountain Meadows massacre to do with it?"

"You know that orders were given that all those vile wretches who composed that band of emigrants, who had poisoned our springs, cursed our church and our good and holy men, were to perish by the sword which they had invoked!"

"Oh, yes, I remember well enough; you wanted to plunder the emigrants, for they were well fixed with a big train, and so you called down the vengeance of the Lord upon them."

Again the elder winced, for this truth was not at all palatable.

"The word went forth that all must die—that none must escape to tell the tale, for the Gentiles would have been only too glad to have made our holy vengeance an excuse for persecuting us," Biddeman continued, never taking the least notice of the unpleasant words of the heartless Danite leader.

"Well, what has all this got to do with me?"

"John Clark, you spared one of the emigrant train; you enabled the party to escape the slaughter, and that person, able to bear wit-ness to the whole affair—to denounce those who took part in it—is now in the neighborhood of Corinne."

A deathlike silence had fallen upon the little group as they listened to the words of the elder. Times had changed greatly since the day of that terrible tragedy. No more did the Mormon leaders lord it over Utah, and defy the power of the United States government. The strong arm which had beaten down the great rebellion was not to be wantonly affronted, although these chiefs of Zion boasted the power of heaven at their backs.

Lee, the principal leader at the massacre, had fled for his life, and under another name was hiding among the almost inaccessible mountains in southern Utah, it was said.

The Mormon leaders had done their best to destroy all traces of their connection with the slaughter, for, with the near approach of the railroad, and from the number of Gentiles—as the Mormons name all non-believers in their faith—who had poured into Utah, the day for open resistance had gone by.

Great was the wonder, then, of the Danites as they listened to the accusation.

"It is false!" cried John Clark, promptly; "and whoever says it, lies! Do you think that I am a fool to run my own neck into a halter? Who makes the charge, elder? I demand to be confronted with my accuser!"

"There is no actual accuser, Clark," Biddeman replied. "The report comes from secret information."

"Some spy with a grudge against me; but I'll make it hot for him if I find out who it is!" And those who knew John Clark well, knew that the Duke of Corinne rarely indulged in idle boasts.

"You deny the fact?"

"Yes, a thousand times!" the Danite cried fiercely. "It is a lie!"

"Clark, you are too wise a man to trifle with us, I should hope," the Mormon elder observed, slowly, "and therefore I am willing

to take your word in this matter, particularly as we need your aid just now in a certain matter."

"Go ahead; I'm your man as long as you pay."

"There's a chap in Corinne who has made a good deal of trouble for some of our best men. He curses the Saints up hill and down when ever he gets a chance; says that our Prophet is a fraud, makes love to our Mormon girls, and acts generally in a manner which is extremely unpleasant to us. We want his mouth stopped."

"His name?" the Danite asked.

"Gold Dan!"

"Why, he's dead!" cried one of the band, abruptly, a stout, red-headed, red-whiskered fellow.

"Dead! Well, that settles the wildest Gentile devil in Utah; but it must be proved!"

"Oh, no mistake! killed in an Indian fight on the Montana trail. I heard one of the pilgrims who escaped tell the story. Gold Dan was the first man down, shot plum through the forehead with a rifle-ball."

"Our information is incorrect, then, for we were told that he had returned to Corinne."

"His ghost may be waltzing round, but the chap himself passed in his checks a month ago."

"Well, that settles it, then; and now another bit of business," the Mormon continued.

"Somebody is prospecting for gold or silver in the rough lands north-east of Corinne; it must be put a stop to; we don't want any more miners in Utah; there's enough here already. Keep a watch, and drive the party off."

"All right; I'll attend to it," Clark promised.

"That is all, then, at present. Good-by, boys; keep your eyes about you, and don't allow these Gentiles to crow too loudly in Corinne. This railroad ain't going to burst up our church; the Prophet says it must be a cursed poor religion that can't stand one railroad."

The ruffians chuckled, and the elder strode away toward his boat, which was pulled up on the shores of a little cove in the north-east part of the island. He was followed by the Danite chief.

The Mormon shoved his boat into the water, and then, with his foot upon the prow to retain it in position, turned to address the outlaw.

"By the way, John, I've got a little bit of private business which I wish you to fix for me."

"All right; what is it?"

"I've had a revelation," and the canting scoundrel rolled his eyes upward, piously, "and that revelation commands me to take to wife that little Polly Pickles, who lives on Bear river just below the town of Corinne—the female doctor, you know?"

A peculiar look passed over the dark face of the outlaw, but as his features were in the shadow the Mormon elder did not observe it.

"Why, elder, you've got five wives already!"

"It is not good for man to be alone, John; besides this little thing is young and innocent; pert and pretty—just suits me, in fact."

"She's only a child, elder—a mere girl."

"Sixteen, John; quite old enough. You must manage the affair for me; I don't think that the little thing will take kindly to the idea; a little gentle force may have to be used. Think the matter over; there's no hurry, you know."

"Yes, I'll attend to it; but one last word, elder," he said, as the Mormon got into the skiff and took up the oars. "Who gave the information about me?"

"Oh, I can't tell you that, John; but look out for yourself, that's all. Don't be too rash, for we've got long arms, and it ain't safe even for the Duke of Corinne to brave us!"

And then the boat shot out into the moonlit lake, while the outlaw, with folded arms, watched the villainous elder—a peculiar smile upon his dark face.

### CHAPTER III.

THE FUGITIVES.

"THE elder is well served," the Danite muttered, "but how in the fiend's name did it get out?"

For quite a while the outlaw pondered upon the question he had asked, watching the while the rapidly-receding skiff.

"I give it up!" he exclaimed at last. "It's too much for me, but I must cover up the trail at once. Curse the meddling spy, whoever he is! If I run across him, there'll be one rogue the less in the world!"

And with this observation the leader turned moodily away and rejoined the men grouped around the camp-fire.

"Nothing more to-night, boys," he said, as he joined the circle, "so you can turn in as soon as you like. I want six or eight of you to-morrow night in Corinne. Just stroll carelessly around the town and keep your eyes on me."

"Is it Gold Dan yer after?" asked one of the gang, whose "sweet" brogue plainly betrayed that the south of Ireland claimed him for a son.

"Perhaps," the Danite leader replied.

"I tell yer he's dead, Cap!" the red-headed outlaw exclaimed. "The pilgrim told a good square story; the first man down was Dan, with a bullet plum through the forehead."

"In that case, then, he won't trouble us much," the Danite grimly concluded. "Well,



so-long, boys; I'm off. To-morrow night in Corinne, remember. Don't excite remark by sticking together, but just scatter about the town and at the first sign of trouble be on hand."

A chorus of "all rights" answered the leader's speech; and then the Danite departed. A light skiff upon the shore gave him passage to the main, and then, drawing the boat from the water, he carefully concealed it in the underbrush, although there was very little danger of any one troubling it, for it was rare that human footsteps pressed the sandy margin of the saline lake.

The boat concealed, the Danite struck off to the north-east, following a little trail which wound over the rough surface of the broken country.

The trail was so dimly defined that it would have puzzled the eyes of an Indian tracker to have followed it, and yet the dark-faced outlaw pushed on, never hesitating in the least; thus plainly indicating that the way was familiar to him.

A good half-hour's walk from the shores of the lake, and the Danite crossed the main road southward leading to Ogden; thence to Salt Lake, and then, a short half-mile east of the main trail, up amid the spurs of the Wahatch mountains, in a lonely glen, from whence a fine view of the surrounding country for miles around could be had. The outlaw halted in front of a small log hut, stoutly framed, with loopholes for musketry in the walls, and placed directly against the almost perpendicular side of the mountain.

This was the home of the desperate Danite leader, the outlaw's retreat.

Alone, a single man might hold it against a hundred well provided, but he need not fear, for a living spring gushed forth from the foot of the rock just inside the cabin, and then, flowing under the wall, found its way down the hillside to the Weber river.

And so cunningly had this desperate man, who expected to meet a foe in every living creature, pitched his camp, that even if the door of the cabin was carried by direct assault—the only possible way to gain an entrance to the fortress, for the wooden roof was covered with clay, carefully packed on the logs so as to be completely fireproof—successful resistance could still be offered, for within the hut an arched tunnel had been skillfully run into the side of the mountain, the entrance guarded by stout logs, with just room enough in the center for a single man to pass.

It was plain that the foe who attempted to take the Destroyer in his den might far better hope to conquer the African lion free in his native woods.

The outlaw unlocked the heavy padlock, which, in connection with a massive chain, fastened the door, and entered the cabin. All was dark, except that from the cavern in the side of the mountain a ray of light streamed forth, stealing through the log piling and the tattered blanket which marked the narrow doorway.

Passing through the aperture, Clark found himself within the cavern's center.

Five or six feet wide only at the doorway, the cavity widened out into a room ten or twelve feet square, and then again contracted into a narrow, tunnel-like passage winding into the bosom of the mountain.

This passage was plunged in utter darkness, turning as it did abruptly to the right, so that its length could not be ascertained without an examination.

A single candle stuck in a hollow of the wall dimly illuminated this strange apartment.

Two occupants had this secure retreat when the outlaw entered it.

Crouched upon a rock, just under the candle, was a man smoking—a stoutly-built fellow dressed in shabby garments, and with a face as dark as an Indian's; his hair, too, was arranged in a savage fashion, clipped short across the front as though severed by the sharp edge of a bow-knife, and flowing down long upon his shoulders behind. No Indian, though, was the man, for a short, black beard covered the chin.

The other occupant of the room was a boy some fifteen or sixteen years of age—a fragile, delicate-looking lad, dressed poorly like the other, very dark in face and with his jet-black hair cut tight to his head. He was sound asleep on a buffalo-robe spread upon the floor.

Not long for this world was the lad, to judge from the face and the fragile form.

"Asleep!" asked the Danite, glancing at the boy as he entered the room.

"Yes."

"So much the better; for I've something important to say to you."

The man removed the cigar from his mouth and looked anxiously at the Danite.

"You must get out; your presence here has either been discovered or else it is shrewdly suspected. One of the Mormon elders accused me to-night of sheltering a survivor of the Mountain Meadows massacre."

"The Mountain Meadows massacre!" the man exclaimed.

"Yes; no need for you to say a word about it," the outlaw continued, quickly. "I ask you no questions, and you need not volunteer any information. Suffice it that you have a claim upon me which I respect; my home, my money, my influence are yours as long as you demand them, but for the present, since it is known that you are here, it is better that you should get out. I am pretty sure that no one has recognized you, so that in Corinne no one will be able to pick you out as the man who enjoyed John Clark's hospitality. Strangers are pouring into the town every day. You had better open a little store, cigars and notions, or something of that kind; no one will be apt to suspect you. If you need money, mine is at your service. At any rate you must not remain here. I am liable to be visited by the Mormon elder at any time, and you know what the Mormons are," and as the Danite finished he nodded toward the boy.

"You have discovered, then?" the man said, slowly.

"I'm not blind."

"Well, I'll go, although I would prefer to hide away from all the world. I fear that, in spite of my precautions the man I dread will find me out."

"Who and what is he?"

"A man who lives by his wits—Richard Velvet he calls himself, though they say he has another name, but he is generally known as Velvet Hand."

"An odd name."

"Yes, he is no common man. I believe that if I went to the end of the earth he would find me."

"If he comes to Corinne point him out to me and I'll soon settle him for you," the Danite observed, carelessly. "I run that town, and there's no ten or twenty men in it that dare to even crook their finger when John Clark takes the war-path."

"Good! then in Corinne I'll hide, and if this man comes," the stranger cried, eagerly.

"He won't trouble you but once," the outlaw remarked.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### AN UNEXPECTED GREETING.

QUITE a lively place was the "city" of Corinne now that the grading parties of the transcontinental railway had reached the neighborhood. And where the sons of toil congregated, thither, too, came the birds of prey—the liquor-dealers, the gamblers, the dance-house belles, rogues and rascals of every grade, every age and sex.

Like a mushroom the city of Corinne had sprung into existence almost in a night.

No miracle Aladdin's palace to the followers of the iron way across the continent; a "city" of tents and shanties sprung into life and being every time the railroad army halted to take breath.

First, the barren, treeless prairie covered with sage-brush and flecked with alkali; then the prospecting gang of graders, and, then, presto! a city of a thousand souls almost in a breath.

Debatable ground was Corinne; first a little Mormon settlement, a scattered house here and there along the banks of the river; but with the sudden rise to the dignity of a "city" of hotels, saloons, dance-houses, and gaming dens, interspersed with a few stores now and then, the vast rush of the outside barbarians—the "Gentiles"—stuffed the Mormon influence so that it amounted to very little, although the "Saints" strove hard to retain control over the motley denizens of the mushroom town.

At the time of which we write, although numbering over a thousand souls, Corinne was utterly without any local government, although with that peculiar instinct, so natural to the Anglo-Saxon West, the inhabitants had talked about organizing a regular government and electing the proper officers to run the thing; but as this had not yet been done, each inhabitant was a law unto himself.

One could never have told though from the appearance of the town that the lively city was "running" itself, for there were few brawls, considering the number of rough and violent men congregated within the limits of the town, their passions unrestrained by the stern control of law's powerful hand.

But then, every man, nearly, carried arms, was ready to use them, too, and everybody knew it; a quarrel meant "business," and few of the roughs even were anxious for sudden death.

Still the desperadoes would fight among themselves, would kill each other; there was "a man for breakfast" every now and then; but it was rare that a peaceable citizen, minding his own business, was interfered with, and so, upon the whole, for so brisk a place, Corinne had reason to boast of the good order which generally prevailed within its limits.

Built after the usual fashion of railway towns, nearly all of the buildings being strung along a single street, through the center of which the railway ran, it would not have taken a stranger long to "do" the town.

As we have said, every other house was either a hotel, a saloon, a dance-house or a gaming den, and sometimes all four collected together in one building, as was notably the case with a palatial establishment—palatial for the frontier—which displayed as its sign a turreted stone building with flags flying, and over it the inscription:

##### THE CASTLE OF DURANGO.

Here, under one roof was a hotel, a saloon, a dance-house and a gambling hell.

The Castle of Durango was, by a long chalk—to use the common expression—far ahead of anything else in the city of Corinne.

It was the best hotel in the town, kept the best liquors in its saloon, boasted the prettiest girls in its dance-house, and ran the squarrest and largest game in its apartment sacred to the goddess Fortune.

Michael Castana, a tall, broad-shouldered Mexican, of middle age, kept the place, assisted by a woman whom he called his sister, and whose fame extended far and wide.

Katherine Castana—Kate of Durango, as she was generally termed—was no common girl.

Tall and queenly in stature, superbly formed, with a figure that would have excited the admiration of the old-time sculptor who carved the Roman Venus; a face, pure Spanish in its type, and as fair as had ever sat upon the shoulders of a Castilian maid; eyes black as night and as lustrous as the sun-kissed waters of the arroyo Guadalupe, Hispania's fairest river; lips red as the cactus flower of the Mexican desert, and formed after the arch of Cupid's bow; hair soft as finest silk, and shining in its jetty blackness like the wild cherry's coat, gathered in a simple knot at the back of the head and held in place by a gold-handled dagger, the blade Toledo steel, that boasted the ice-brook's temper, she was indeed a wonderful maid!

And this superb creature, as fair as ever painter dreamed of, as perfect as ever sculptor wished for, was simply and purely a female gambler.

Queen of Monte she was called, and over the carded table she presided in the gambling den situated in the right wing of "The Castle of Durango."

Great attraction was she, too, for many a dollar was risked in the saloon simply because the owner desired to feast his eyes upon the beautiful face of the Monte Queen.

Fair as Diana, the fabled goddess, was she; and as chaste, too, for no living man could boast of favors received from Durango Kate.

A charming smile and a pleasant word for all—but no more, and so strong the influence of her proud way that the worst ruffian in the town hesitated to provoke her wrath.

'Twas said, too, that the dagger in her hair was no child's toy, but was a poisoned weapon, the merest scratch of which would bring certain death, and that she, if affronted, would not hesitate to use it.

And now, having described this strange flower, who seems to bloom with grace and purity in this hotbed of vice, we will look in upon her at the hour of nine at night as she holds her court in the gambling saloon.

The place is full of people; 'tis the common resort of the men of the town after nightfall to hear the news and talk over past events. No one is pressed to either play or drink; the place is as free to the looker-on as to the man who desires to spend money.

Katherine, reclining in a richly-cushioned arm-chair, just back of the monte-table, over which an assistant was now presiding, was smoking a dainty cigarette, the one peculiar weakness of the Spanish-Mexican dame, and chatting with the frequenters of the saloon as they sauntered by.

There was very little playing going on at present; gambling in earnest rarely commenced until after ten. The occupants of the room were conversing together and watching the new-comers, and as nearly every eye was fixed upon the door, the entrance of a man, peculiar both in face and dress, at once excited general attention.

He was just a little above the medium height,

splendidly built, dressed in a full suit of buckskin, wearing upon his feet the pointed moccasins of the Pawnee tribe, and upon his head the racoon-cap of the hunter, the snout of the animal projecting down over the forehead, the bushy, barred tail dangling against the neck, behind; keen brown-black eyes, a bronzed, manly face, the chin boasting a full brown beard, the hair, dark brown in color, pushed back behind the ears and reaching clear to the shoulders, and we have the pen picture of the new-comer.

Men in deer-skin were common enough in the town of Corinne, and yet the entrance of this man excited general amazement.

Plenty of men in deer-skin, but no trapper, mule-driver or Indian guide who carried upon his person a small fortune in the shape of buttons made out of gold-pieces.

Hundreds of dollars' worth of the precious metal at least he carried upon his person in this peculiar way; and few in the city of Corinne who would not have recognized Gold Dan, the wildest dare-devil on the frontier, at a single glance.

"Gold Dan, by hokey!" an old gaunt fellow cried, and the crowd took up the exclamation, much to the astonishment of the individual in question, who halted at the door, evidently completely astonished by the reception.

And the good folks of Corinne were astonished, too. Upon good authority Gold Dan had been reported slain in an Indian attack, a month before, on the Montana trail, yet here he was, looking about the same, except that he had let his hair and beard grow.

"Why, I heard you were dead, ole man!" one of the crowd exclaimed.

"Oh, no; I'm alive," was the careless reply, but it was plain from the way he looked around him that he felt ill at ease.

"Dan, I want to speak to you!" exclaimed Kate, abruptly, and speaking as if he were an old acquaintance.

"Certainly," the man responded, and at once made his way to where the haughty beauty reclined in her chair.

"You foolish fellow! don't you know that it is as much as your life is worth to come here?"

"No; why? What have I to fear?" Gold Dan asked, apparently mystified, and yet endeavoring to look unconcerned.

"After running away with that Mormon's wife—fly at once—ah! it is too late!"

John Clark, with six or seven other Mormons, at that instant sauntered into the room.

(To be continued.)

#### A MAIDEN'S STORY.

Returning, book in hand from school, in summer time, one evening cool, I idly wandered about my way.

When Love accosted me:

"Oh, say, Fair maiden, what the special lore You study everything before?"

I answered him most modestly,

"Sir, I am studying poetry. Three times I've tried, nor can combine Words in a single decent life."

Yet, by my labor you may guess I want to be a poetess."

"My little friend," he straight replied, "Your master has but mystified His pupil. Sure you waste your time Learning from such as him to rhyme. Obey but me, and ere you know it, You shall become a lady-poet."

But promise, if I grant you this, As my reward, one little kiss From those red lips—just to make friends."

"Sir," said I, "if it serve your ends To work so cheaply, from my lip Any amount of kisses slip."

He did. He took me in his arm And gave me many kisses warm. This was Love's very simple fee; And now—I write love-poetry.

ask your noble heart if it can forgive my cruelty and folly, for you have come to me in my desperate extremity, and love that had never been outraged could do no more. And, brave Geoffrey, if it can soften the hard harshness of the past, let me solemnly assure you that, black-hearted, false and evil-liver as I believed you to be, I never succeeded in driving you quite out of my love; I pined for you, Geoffrey, Geoffrey! There were hours of isolation and loneliness when my whole soul cried out for you, whatever you had done—when I was lashed with remorseful forebodings that I had thrust you further along the road to destruction than your own vices had done—when life seemed heavy and aimless, hideous to look back upon, maddening to look forward to—and I could have welcomed death. And these demons worked upon all that was bad or weak in me—oh, fool! fool! to stifle the warnings of my instinct and accept filth for the precious metal I had cast away!"

"Oh, now, hang it all! what's the use of raking things up?" exclaimed Geoffrey, getting in his car at last, and desperately hasting his uncle out of these waters of humiliation and self-reproach; "I never was the miff to harbor malice, and I dare say was provoking enough about the little jade, Nell Wyvern, who surely was never worth the trouble she put between you and me, dear old man. And that reminds me to say that I never cared for her, really, you know, though I thought it would be a rash act to desert her at your bid, and not worthy a Derwent of the old stock, for all she was a poor girl."

Geoffrey passed in the full flow of his confessions, suddenly becoming aware, by the dark blood which tinged his uncle's pallid cheek that he was upon awkward ground, and for a moment looked foolish enough, pulling his mustache and glowering at Derwent deprecatingly.

He had quite forgotten Derwent's early marriage with the American village girl, and subsequent desertion of her. As yet, he knew none of the particulars of the matter, not having seen Monica since she had read Jonathan Brade's confession; he only knew that his uncle had deserted Monica's mother, although she was his lawful wife, and that Monica's mission to England had been to avenge her mother's wrongs.

Derwent waved his pale hand after a dead silence, to bespeak Geoffrey's attention.

"I see, by your significant interruption of your story, and your embarrassment, that you have become acquainted with my marriage. Did Monica tell you?" He faltered a little as he pronounced her name, and averted his face uneasily; he too, was in the dark concerning his long-lost wife, and knew not that she was innocent and dead, and that Monica was all that was left of her—his daughter.

"Yes, uncle; Monica told me," said Geoffrey, recovering himself in the welcome prospect of championing the lovely American, and instantly brimming over with eager intelligence; "and if you only knew all that sweet lady has braved, ay, and suffered, in her efforts to save you, you would take her straight into your heart and worship her forever!"

"As my dear Geoffrey has done!" said Derwent, looking at him wistfully; "yes, she is very attractive, and strangely courageous in her attempts to make acquaintance with me; and I do think she interfered in my defense that dreadful day in the wood, when Rufus sent the mad dog at me; but why is she so interested? Who is she? My boy, I knew one Rivers before, she was unworthy!"

"No! no! that is impossible!" Geoffrey broke in, feeling it unendurable to hear Monica's mother so described; but his uncle, supposing him merely to be echoing the statements of a mercenary relative of his perdition wife, only shook his head sadly, and continued:

"She was unworthy, Geoffrey; she wrecked my life when it was at its very prime; and she seemed as softly innocent and radiantly good as this young girl, who is, of course, some relative of hers, sent here by her—to make money out of the secret marriage, which she probably supposes I have kept secret from far different motives than the real ones."

"Uncle! I can't hear you speak of that angel so!" almost shouted Geoffrey, springing to his feet, and towering up in the middle of the floor with clenched fists and panting nostrils, so hot was he in his idol's defense; then, catching his uncle's wan look of distress and perplexity, and recollecting how much fuller and more perfect would be the reunion be between father and daughter if he refrained from any disclosures now, and brought his angelic Monica to tell the tale herself, he crushed down his excitement, lifted his uncle's wasted hand to his lips with a beautiful humble and loving grace, and said gently:

"Dear old man, forgive my violence. I have only this excuse, that, when you know all that I know about that sweet American queen, you will love me better still for standing up for her trust. Many things have happened, uncle, that you don't know—when you do, you will never rest until—but, never mind; I drop the subject for the present; and indeed I have most culpably neglected your comfort of mind and body, in my ill-regulated zeal. Dear Nunc, don't look at me with that heart-sick expression, as if you saw me in the horrid clutches of a Yankee sorcerer. Suspend all judgment until you have heard this lady's story. Will you not promise to do this?"

"Ah, my generous, unsuspicious boy, what power have you to withstand the lures and wiles of a scheming woman?" sighed Derwent, almost revoking all the kindly half-belief he had begun to cherish secretly in the young girl who had hung over him with her very soul standing in her eyes, and anguish clearly written on her front, when he lay, struck down by his heirs; for Derwent was a man born of, and nurtured by a race made proud by centuries of distinction and honors conferred by the mighty of the land, in just award for its unblemished name and gallant services rendered to the king and country.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

##### TWISTING THE TOOLS.

THE blood of the Derwent was old before the Norman Conquest, and from its remotest annals not a generation had passed without producing at least one scion of the house whose deeds could be fitly strung upon the glittering rosary of valor and worth which wound its dazzling way through scores of manmoths tomes, written in rude Latin by the friars of the house, centuries ago; and later, in Chaucer's English; later still, in Johnson's sounding diction; and now, in the smooth, flowing phraseology of the present day, written by the scholarly young Etonian who filled the post of secretary to the master of Dornoch-Waile. In this, the latest volume of the History of the House of Derwent, two of the broad leaves were sealed together, and jealously stamped with the seal of the house, with its menacing motto:

"DARE NOT DERWENT."

These pages were written by the hand of Otto,

the only surviving Derwent of the line, and no eye had as yet ever scanned them save his own.

They recounted the tragedy of his unwish and unworthy marriage.

The rest of his career, as chronicled in the open pages, was proud and brilliant as befitting the descendant of such ancestors. He had fought with signal gallantry and victory for his country; he had served nobly with his intellect in his chair among the statesmen; he was a power in the land.

He had never stooped from his lofty pedestal of honor and a pure life, and had done noble good with his wealth; after all, had he not more rational cause for self-esteem than have the common herd, who, uninfluenced by the lives of more heroic natures as exemplified in their ancestors, live as they may, according to their own dull capacities?

Granting this aspect of affairs as reasonable excuse for Derwent's conservatism, what more natural, nay, inevitable, than his shrinking reluctance to condemn himself in the eyes of his contemporaries by publication of his early *mesalliance*, after all that was sweet, belonging to it had vanished, leaving only the blasting disgrace; or what more consistent than his shocked repulsion of the idea of his beloved Geoffrey's entanglement with a nobody like pretty Nell Wyvern; or an American siren, soiled by the blood of the traitor Rivers—like Monica, the mercenary agent of his vile wife Ada, whom he had always pictured for these nineteen years of sullen, dumb fury, in the home of his ignoble rival, Jonathan Brade, growing further and further out of his toleration in the conscious guilt of her situation?

So he maligned the strange, sweet American maiden whom Geoffrey revered about all his men by the names of "siren" and "schemer," and almost forgot her devotion to himself in the bitter pain it gave him to see how Geoffrey shrank and flushed from the scornful epithets.

But Geoffrey was wise; he resolutely changed the theme of discourse, leaving that mighty question in abeyance.

He quietly and quickly explained the present state of matters; Vulpino had been bought over to undo the mischief he had done; the Marshalls were hurrying away from the Weald in anticipation of his speedy death; Godiva was being held, Geoffrey explained, most likely as a sort of hostage for their return; and then he told of Monica's sufferings.

"Great heavens!" gasped Derwent, who had hung on Geoffrey's words with breathless attention from the moment when Monica's name was introduced; "and she went through all that for me! For me, Geoffrey—I who have never spared her one kindly word! Oh, who is she?" he almost shouted.

Geoffrey told of her lying helpless in Toby's hut, consumed with anxiety on his uncle's account.

"When—can—she—come?" gasped Derwent, clasping and unclasping his feeble hands in feverish impatience.

"Here! To see you!" said Geoffrey, secretly delighted; "oh, I hope to-morrow or next day. She's dreadfully shaken, you know, and really ought to be shut up in a quiet place for a week, or two, but she is so anxious about you that I suppose we shall have to let her come whenever she is able."

"Geoffrey, oh, boy, is she genuine?" besought Derwent, tears rolling down his haggard cheeks; "why does she endure all this for me?"

"I believe in her, uncle," said Geoffrey, solemnly; "and she will tell you the truth herself."

Presently Mr. Derwent was saying hopelessly that deliverance had come too late, that he felt the hand of death upon him, and that he would never live to unravel this mystery.

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barriers, and the shortening of the distance between the ill-assorted pair!

Once Geoffrey came upon Vulpino and Godiva standing together under the wall of the ruined tower, the gray morning sun streaming full upon his devilish head and her seraphic one, the black and the gold drawn close to each other. They were gazing silently into each other's eyes. Vulpino held one of Godiva's slender hands poised on his own finger-tips; he had slipped upon the arched white wrist a flexible golden Neapolitan bracelet, in the favorite design of a serpent with its tail in its mouth, and its back-bone incrustured with emeralds and opals.

As Geoffrey walked past, looking fixedly upon the strange pair, Godiva seemed to awake from a trance. She slowly, and with a visible effort, removed her eyes from Vulpino's, and a sigh came deep and tremulous up from the depths of her heart.

"Keep your heirloom for your bride, then, Signore Vulpino; what have I to do with it?" she muttered, haughtily, and snatching the bracelet off her wrist she forced it into his hand and rapidly vanished into the tower.

Vulpino turned a look fraught with cold triumph upon Geoffrey.

"Struggle she may as she please," said he, smoothly running the bracelet round and round in his hand black fingers, "she weel note escappa—her destiny."

"Do you expect to induce her to break with Rufus Marshall?" asked Geoffrey, unable, in spite of her wickedness, to subdue a pang of pity for the miserable alternatives which lay before the helplessly bound adventurer.

"Rufus, ha! ha!" laughed Vulpino, in his low, oily voice, while his snake black eyes gleamed green fire. "Do you note understand these about preta mees—that she'll bow down only to ze master spirit—not ever to hem who comes second? As long as Rufus, he was head, mees think, 'Yes, I shall be queen,' bote—Rufus, he es heemselfs deceive; I am head; I know a great something weech mees herself knows note; I say, 'Come, proud amica, marry Vulpino and be weel unbosom.' And she weel yet say, 'Yes, great chief; I weel marry you.' Rufus—ha! ha! ha!" and the diabolic laughter slid out once more at the mere name of such an insignificant rival.

Geoffrey hurried back to his uncle. He felt sick at heart.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

## A STORY OF TRUE LOVE.

THANKS TO Vulpino's zeal, Geoffrey's devotion, and Derwent's relief from anxiety, in the course of a week the invalid was able to be dressed and to move about his room leaning on his faithful nephew's shoulder. The wounds in his shoulder were healing without fever; and the stupefying effects of the poison he had absorbed were gradually disappearing under Vulpino's skillful treatment. The wound caused by the dog's fangs had been thoroughly cauterized half an hour after it was inflicted, and had ceased to cause the invalid any uneasiness.

He saw distinctly that this wound had only been inflicted that there might be a reason sufficiently plausible to excuse the mysterious removal of Mr. Derwent from the public's sight, and his speedy and secluded death; of course if he died of hydrophobia who would expect to be admitted to see the dreadful spectacle? And the false report that his co-heirs had taken him to France as a last hope, was well calculated to satisfy the most carping gossip that all had been done by his heirs to save the rich man that could be done; and if, after all, he died abroad and was brought home in a sealed casket to the family vault at Dornoch, his poor mutilated remains tenderly concealed from every eye, what more could his heirs have done?

Since Vulpino's change of treatment, and the departure of the Marshalls, Godiva had not entered the sick room. She was once or twice solicited by Vulpino, with much affected fervor, to share his weary vigil, while Barber was off duty; but his graphic description of the frightful change in the doomed man, and of his haunting entreaties for mercy, and his paroxysms of excruciating nervous derangement were more than enough to keep Godiva far from that terrible place. And the truth was that one glance at the invalid would have enlightened her. Hope, returning strength, gratified affection, and a nameless interest in the future, as connected with the now never-mentioned American girl, all these were assisting Mr. Derwent on his feet again, and obliterating with magical rapidity the signs of his past sufferings.

And every morning when Godiva greeted Vulpino she mutely asked with furtive, yet cruelly eager glance, "Is he dead?" and Vulpino would sigh, shrug one angular shoulder up to his skinny ear, and mumble about certain leathern constitutions that took long to kill, but surely such another night as last must, etc., etc.

Monica took longer to recover from her ordered though nursed with enthusiastic devotion by Mr. Price, who moved heaven and earth to fetch her all the delicacies her reduced condition demanded, and was never so happy as when he was half-carrying the muffled form of his late adversary up and down the strip of sward under the willows behind Toby's little cottage, and watching the pure cheek redden faintly under the sunny breeze. Cicely, too, adored and served Monica, figuratively on her knees. Her romantic situation, her wonderful story, her awful sufferings, and her beauty, goodness and dignity, all conspired to make service a joyous boon to this simple-hearted worshiper. Toby, too, taciturn though he was, and black-browed, fairly gave himself up to the gentle spell of the pure-natured girl; his gnarled features relaxing into genial smiles, and his deep-set eyes softening with feeling whenever she addressed him.

Every day Price met Geoffrey by appointment in a hazel copse near the Weald, and brought back to Monica the day's bulletin, but Geoffrey and Monica did not see each other again until Mr. Derwent was pronounced by his physician capable of undergoing a little physical exertion, and mental agitation.

The Weald was too gloomy a spot, and too inextricably associated with miserable recollections to be the right place for an invalid to brighten-up in, so as soon as he was strong enough to ride the distance, Geoffrey proposed moving the scene of his convalescence to Toby's cottage, where Monica awaited her father with Jonathan Brade's confession ready to smooth away all obstacles between them.

It had been resolved that the master of Dornoch-Weald should be concealed with the gamekeeper while the final acts in the great tragedy of his supposed death were being enacted by the three conspirators.

They were to be cheated into running the due length of their chain, that their punishment might be complete.

Godiva should suppose herself a double murderer, guilty of the blood of Otto Derwent and his daughter Monica; so that Vulpino could command her through his knowledge of her

crimes; and the Marshall brothers should believe themselves equally guilty and successful in their schemes, that their downfall might be the more overwhelming afterward.

Geoffrey had dutifully consulted his uncle as to this course, and received his hearty approbation, for it was not to be thought of that the traitors should be allowed to escape unscathed, nor yet that the honor of the haughty house of Derwent should be humbled by publishing abroad the infamy of these unworthy offshoots through the institution of legal proceedings. To punish the guilty and yet spare the innocent from the shame of a public exposure, became the present aim of Geoffrey's life, and it was thought wisest to compass these ends by following the course indicated.

On the tenth morning after the departure of Rufus and Gavaine, Godiva's sapphire-bright eyes read in the narrow slits cut in the parchment face of Vulpino a more than usually Santic significance, and a horrible paleness instantly overspread her charming features, accompanied by a visible shiver. It was exactly as if the door of an ice-filled vault had opened upon Godiva, and a blast of wintry rigor had swept over her. She seemed to shiver, to blench, to wither up to half her size; she stood rooted to the spot before Vulpino, cowering.

"Mees's commands dey are obeyed," smirked the poisoner, not afraid to drive the cruel shaft home in the quivering flesh; "de revere uncle, he no more. Povretto zio! He could not take de wealth weeth. Ah, bahl ole Vulpino ze man fore to bring preta mees into h-r fortunes—ole Vulpino he hand and glove weeth king Death; dey always work in concert. Rufus win a fortune for preta mees! Ah, bahl nevare! Rufus noting bote a stupid coward. Mees weel nevare marry hem! Eh, donna divina!"

Godiva comprehended not a word of this sly harangue; she was face to face with murder, red and reeking, and her very heart seemed to die within her. It was done. Her benefactor was dead, at her command! Ay, her injury was avenged now, sure enough. He would never look upon her again, with that maddening memory of her proffered love lurking in his eye, a gleam of mockery. But, oh, what a little thing to take his life away for!

"Oh, Otto! Otto!" wailed Godiva Montacute, with a sudden, dreadful cry.

Vulpino first stared in quick amazement and curiosity. The woman's eyes were rolling, her hands were in her hair, tearing it, she greedily enduring the physical hurts she was inflicting upon herself; she was almost frenzied.

He thought it was fear; he never dreamed it could be love! He flung out his long arms; he dared to catch her to his hungry heart; it was a gruesome embrace, for the man was old, particularly misshapen, and had all the unwholesome grotesqueness and uncleanness of the lower classes among foreigners; but she was less a woman at that moment, with dainty flesh and blood to lure and be lured, than a lost soul, giddy and frantic from its first look into the caverns of hell. So she did not repulse him; she let him press her golden head against his rusty bosom where the pulses beat hard and hurried under her ear, and bend his bestial muzzle to her lovely mouth which quivered and gnashed under his insolently, coarsely-prolonged kiss. She looked like an angel prisoned in the vile arms of some hateful satyr.

She scarcely knew what he was doing, though, for anguish of mind. And I think that even if she had known, she so abhorred the fair, soft body which held her murderous spirit, that she would have been passive, taking a grim delight in heaping pain and shame and dishonor upon a thing so infamous as herself.

Then Vulpino put the serpent upon her wrist, and said, loudly and distinctly: "Mees Montacute, I'av reeked my life fore to obey you in the death of I signore; I now desire you fore my wife, having purchased a you weeth his death. You cannot but obey; I'av your life in my hands, and a word can ruin. I'av love you instead; carissima, be mine."

Godiva mechanically released herself from his grasp, and with the vacant, wandering look of an idiot tottered off to her own room. But she carried the serpent on her arm.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 389.)

## The Scarlet Captain:

OR,

## The Prisoner of the Tower.

## A STORY OF HEROISM.

BY COL. DELLE SARA.

AUTHOR OF "THE CAPTAIN OF THE LEGION," "THE PRIDE OF BAYOU SARA," "SILVER SAM," ETC.

## CHAPTER XX.

## THE ASSAULT ON THE TOWER.

At the breach of the gun, trained to bear directly upon the little party clustered under the folds of the Montenegrin flag of truce, stood the swarthy Turk, Achmet, reported to be the best gunner in the Moslem service, the lighted match in his hand, awaiting the signal from the renegade to launch forth the deadly storm of iron hail which would surely carry destruction to the little band who had thus dared to boldly bear the lion in his den.

And yet, the Montenegrins quailed not, although they fully realized that their lives depended upon the caprice of the wily and unscrupulous Ismail Bey.

"And now, my doughty warriors, what is to prevent me from giving you to the death your insolence so richly merits!" he cried. "I have but to lift my finger and it is your passport to eternity."

"We are under the protection of a flag of truce," the American replied, as calm as though all this was a mere holiday parade and not the stern reality of bloody war.

"A flag of truce?" sneered Ismail; "and under what rule of war does the commander of regular troops recognize the flag of truce of a band of brigands, for such ye are, and nothing better?"

"You will not respect the flag, then?" "No; a few minutes only I give you to prepare for the other world, and then, by Allah! I'll hurl your souls to perdition!" cried the renegade, fiercely.

"Such an outrage would receive the condemnation of all the civilized world!" "Bah! what care we for the world? You are rebels—traitors in arms against your lawful sovereign; foolishly you have trusted yourself into my hands, and by the Prophet! I swear I'll make such an example of you, that all Montenegrins shall tremble from the Adriatic to the mountains when they hear of the punishment I shall inflict!"

"Tarry a while!" cried the American, coolly; "crook not your little finger for a few mo-

ments as a signal to your gunner to apply the match; pause and reflect. Are the lives of the Turkish officers and men, a thousand or more, captured in this last fight and now prisoners in the hands of the Montenegrins, of any value to you?"

Quietly and coolly the question had been put, but the force of it struck all the hearers instantly.

The American had the Turk upon the hip. Ismail did not reply, but glared in sullen rage at the bold speaker.

"Prince Nicholas of Montenegro is no child to be trifled with," the American continued. "He has a goodly number of your men in his hands, among them some officers of high rank; Osman Pasha is one of them. Give your signal to your gunner—blaze away with your cannon, send us headlong to the other world, and when the morning dawns, every tree without in sight of this old tower will bear witness to the vengeance of the prince, my master, in the shape of a strangled Turk dangling from the end of a long rope. We will die like men and soldiers, but your comrades, in retaliation, will be hanged like thieves and murderers."

"Your leader will never dare!" cried Ismail, in rage, for he perceived that the bold speaker had the best of it.

"Oh, will he not?" retorted the American, scornfully; "try him and see. I was doubtful about how a flag of truce would be received after the terrible thrashing we gave you so lately, but the prince quickly reassured me."

"If they fire upon the flag," said he, "I'll hang every Turkish scoundrel within my lines at sunrise! Tell them so if they manifest a disposition to be ugly."

The life of Osman Pasha is worth more than all the men in the Montenegrin land!" the renegade cried, sullenly; "and lest your leader, blind in the intoxication of his temporary triumph, should be tempted to harm him, I will reconsider my determination and let you go unharmed; but send me no more flags, for I give you fair warning I will fire upon the next one the instant it gets within range. You have our answer to your insolent demand; while one stone remains upon another, or a soldier is left to man the walls, we shall hold out."

The American bowed his head, the trumpet sounded, and the Montenegrin party rode off, none of them sorry, to tell the truth, that they were well out of their perilous position.

And then the renegade and his men prepared for the attack which they felt sure would come at break of day.

It was plain that the tower was entirely surrounded, and that the Montenegrins were taking advantage of the darkness to get their guns in position so as to be ready to open fire with the first ray of light in the morning. When the wily renegade had selected the tower as the abode of the Countess of Scutari, he had taken all due precautions. It had been so well strengthened and armed that the bay felt secure in its power to resist any force the Montenegrins could bring against it. That Montenegrins could bring three thousand men, within ten days, or two weeks at the outside, Mukhtar Pasha could easily gather together an army of eight or ten thousand men in Albania, by drawing from the fortified posts, and when Mukhtar advanced, the Montenegrins must either fight or fly.

And as the midnight hour drew nigh, the watchful ears of the renegade caught what seemed to be the moving of heavy artillery. Instantly he guessed what the insurgents were up to; they were getting their guns in position.

Under the cover afforded by the dark woods the Montenegrins were arranging their forces. "Shell the woods!" was Ismail's command.

"Elevate the guns and get as great a range as possible. Give them a shell every ten minutes in a half circle from sea to sea."

And thus the action began. All night long the screaming shells whistled through the air. Not a gun replied from the Montenegrin side; it was plain the insurgents were endeavoring to mask their position.

Morning came at last, and two hours after daybreak the attack began.

Despite the random shelling of the previous night the Montenegrins had succeeded in getting their guns into position, and opened a heavy fire upon the tower.

Until late in the afternoon the artillery duel lasted, but the advantages were decidedly on the side of the besieged.

Two of the Montenegrin guns had burst, three had been disabled by the fire from the tower; a severe loss to the insurgents, for they were not rich in artillery, and they had not succeeded in making a breach in the walls, although the old gray stones showed plainly that the fire had been a severe one.

"Aha!" cried Ismail, in triumph, as the assailants' fire gradually slackened, and gun after gun withdrew from the contest, "unless you are gifted with wings like birds, my bold fellows, you will never take the old tower of Dulcigno!"

## CHAPTER XXI.

## A FEARFUL FATE.

AGAIN the night had come, and peace once more reigned around the old tower.

In the large apartment, the windows of which overlooked the sea, the two ladies sat. All day long they had been confined, close prisoners, to their apartments, a sentinel posted at the door by Ismail's orders.

Briefly he had condescended to explain his reasons for the precaution to the two ladies.

"We are about to have a battle," he said; "these bold gentlemen without are going to test the goodness of our artillery and the strength of our walls. Hard knocks will be given and received; ball and shell are no respecters of persons, and if either of you venture to the walls, you are as likely to be hit as any soldier of the garrison, and I feel too much interest in you to permit you to expose yourself to needless danger."

Vainly the two protested that they were willing to take the chances; the renegade listened to them with an icy smile, but posted his sentinel all the same.

"Oh, no!" he had muttered, as the sound of the guns called him to the walls, and he had hurriedly quitted the apartment occupied by the two; "no random shot—no exploding shell, although aimed by the hands of your countrymen, fair countess, shall tear you from me; even grim death is a rival I defy!"

And so in the seclusion of their apartment the ladies had remained all day long, listening to the sounds of war.

For a time the cannonading had been quite fierce, and the prisoners, their hopes rising and sinking with every fresh discharge, speculated vainly as to which way the fortunes of the day were tending.

From the windows of the apartment they commanded a view of the sea only, and therefore were debarred from all sight of the contest.

But when the sun began to sink in the blue

waters of the Adriatic, fairest of all the European seas! and the fierce artillery duel gradually slackened, hope sprung up afresh within the hearts of the prisoners.

"Do you not see that the fire is slackening?" Catherine exclaimed. "My life upon it, the guns of the castle have been silenced by the Montenegrin batteries—a breach, perhaps, made in the walls, and soon the storming-party will advance to the attack, and then we shall be rescued from the power of this base renegade!"

"Pray Heaven that your guess is truth!" Alexina replied, fervently.

And then the two waited and watched. Slowly the sun sunk, disappeared, all robed in crimson, gold and Tyrian purple, and the shades of eventide began to gather.

The stillness of death reigned without. No sounds of war now, no hoarse clang of trumpets, loud roll of drums, nor deep-mouthed bellying of roaring cannon.

The hearts of the two girls seemed to still within their bosoms as they lingered in this awful suspense. And as the sable gloom of night descended on the earth, into the apartment came servants bearing lights, and at their back walked the Turkish leader.

A single glance at the stern and haughty face of Ismail Bey, and both the prisoners, with womanly apprehension, realized that the fortunes of the day had gone against the assailants. The castle had resisted the attack.

The servants retired, and the renegade, coolly helping himself to a chair, surveyed the hapless maidens.

"I come to satisfy your curiosity," he said.

"Yes?" Catherine was as distant and haughty as though for the last eight hours she had been stretched upon the rack of apprehension.

"The Montenegrins opened fire on us early this morning and the attack lasted until two hours ago. It was signally unsuccessful. Their guns failed to make any impression upon our works, while on our part, our artillery inflicted severe damage upon them. In fine, we have silenced their fire and compelled them to withdraw from the attack; therefore, countess, give up all hope of rescue, for you are as securely in my power as though you were in my palace at Constantinople."

Catherine did not reply, but with a look of haughty contempt turned away and gazed out of the window upon the dark surface of the swilling waves.

With the coming of the night the storm-kind had marshaled his battalions across the sky, hiding the light of the moon, and not even a single star had strength to pierce the dark veil.

As dark as that stormy sky was the future of the Scutari countess.

"For a week or ten days this rabble can amuse themselves by battering away at these old walls, but strong as they are old," Ismail continued. "and then Mukhtar Pasha will bring up his legions and we'll sweep like a swarm of locusts over the Montenegrin land!"

"Perhaps?" Catherine exclaimed, scornfully, provoked into speech. "When heaven levels the Duga Pass, when she makes the mountains of Montenegro as flat as the Albanian plains, takes the bold heart and the strong arm of the mountaineer from him and reduces him to the condition of a peaceful shepherd, like the slaves of the South, the passive subjects of Turkish tyranny, then, and not till then, will the crescent sweep in triumph over the mountain land!"

The boy had watched the face of the inspired girl, kindled into fresh beauty by her excitement, with an admiring eye.

"By Allah!" he cried, "you are worthy to be a warrior's bride. Every word you speak increases my admiration. And now that all barriers between us are removed, I pant with impatience for the hour which makes you mine."

"That hour will never come!" cried the countess, quickly.

"Be not so sure of that!" Ismail replied, a dark and scornful smile of triumph upon his face. "All obstacles between us are removed; I can make you mine now with a free conscience. You are the ward of the sultan, his subject, and I, as his officer, have power to bestow your hand whether you are willing or not. To-morrow our marriage-rites shall be celebrated."

"To-morrow!" Catherine exclaimed in horror.

"Ay, to-morrow," the renegade answered, firmly. "It is useless to idle time away; a week, a month, or a year hence, will find you no more willing."

"But you forget I am already married."

"Did I not say that all obstacles were removed? This adventurer who, like a knight of the olden time, terms himself the Scarlet Captain, like the foolhardy ruffian that he was, has risked his life once too often. He fell during the attack to-day."

The countess had listened incredulously, and the Turkish commander perceived at once that his story was doubted.

"You do not believe it?"

"No."

"When our marriage rites are solemnized to-morrow, perhaps you will then."

"Such a ceremony would be only a mockery!"

"Since it gives me the prize I have toiled long years to gain, I shall not complain," the renegade retorted, coolly.

"You will not dare to commit such an outrage!" Catherine exclaimed, spiritedly, all her angry blood flaming in her veins. "Even the sultan, your master, careless as he is of the world's opinion, will hesitate before he sanctions such an infamous attack upon the descendant of one of the oldest houses in Europe! All the Christian world will surely take up arms to avenge such an affront upon a helpless woman!"

"That remains to be seen," the renegade replied, not in the least disturbed by the threat. "At present the hour is mine, and, let the future bring what it will, by Allah! I will improve the opportunity! To-morrow makes you mine for this world, although the act sends me to the other straightway!"

And then the trickster withdrew, leaving behind him consternation, if not despair.

Dark was the stormy night without was the future now to Scutari's countess.

## CHAPTER XXII.

## A BRAVE DEVICE.

"Oh, he will never dare!" Alexina exclaimed.

"You think that he will?"

Catherine bowed her head sadly.

"But such a terrible outrage!"

"Look at the man's past life and see how many vile deeds lie at his door," the countess responded. "Times have changed, too, now; we live not in the ancient days when the wrongs of the helpless woman borne abroad on the free winds would bring gallant men from all parts of the world to espouse her cause and avenge her wrongs. We are here, closely confined in this old castle, surrounded by men devoted to this villain. I see plainly that he has made up his mind to make me his prey, at all

hazards; he has counted the cost, and determined to risk everything to gain his purpose. He will force me into this marriage in spite of all that I can do; neither prayers nor threats will turn him from his purpose, and once the marriage is accomplished what can I do? He will tell his story to the world, and swear that I willingly agreed to the union—have supplies tools to back his false oath; he will keep me in close confinement, and you, too, my poor Alexina, for you know too much to be allowed to go freely. The only hope I had was that the Montenegrins might be able to capture the castle."

"But do you believe his story that the attack has failed?"

"Yes; there I think he spoke the truth; everything confirms it," the countess replied, sadly. "There was ample time after the cannonading ceased for the attacking force to assault if they had succeeded in making a breach in the walls. No, he spoke the truth; the tower was too strong and the attack failed."

"A second may be more successful."

Naturally light-hearted and sanguine Alexina grasped at every chance.

"Perhaps; but you forget that my fate will be sealed in the morning."

"Do you believe that the Scarlet Captain is dead?" asked the foster-sister, abruptly.

"No, I do not; the story was but a ruse on the part of this evil-minded man to make me think myself utterly helpless."

"If the Scarlet Captain is alive, then, dear Catherine, you will be rescued!" Alexina cried, confidently. "He loves you; I am sure of it; and he will move heaven and earth to save you."

The countess smiled.

"Silly child, what can this poor young man, this nameless adventurer, whose only fortune is probably his sword, do against the power of this Turkish bey, the governor of Albania, and one of the highest officers in the Turkish service! A favorite, too, of the new sultan, I have heard, although when I heard the matter discussed, I little thought that Ismail Bey was my renegade cousin, John Belina, or that within so short a time he would exercise such a powerful influence over my fortunes."

"The Scarlet Captain loves you, and that love will give him power to baffle even the schemes of so great a man as this wicked renegade!" Alexina persisted.

The countess shook her head.

"You do not believe it?"

"No; you are a romantic child, and this problem is one of real life. I married this unknown gentleman hastily, foolishly perhaps; I was desperate—ready to adopt any course to defeat the plans of this base villain, who had so cunningly entrapped me. I thought that the marriage would terminate the persecution, but it has proved otherwise."

Alexina approached and twined her arms caressingly about Catherine.

"Oh, my poor sister, the future seems dark indeed."

"Yes, like yonder sky no star shines through the clouds, but there is one way to escape from the pursuit of this man, who is more hateful to me than the meanest, crawling reptile that exists upon the earth."

"And that is?"

"Were I dead should be free!" Gloomy was the tone of the girl but full of determination.

"Oh, Catherine, you would not die?"

"And why not? Is not death preferable to a life linked to a man whom I abhor?"

"But death—and you are so young—the future seemed all so bright."

"Yes, but my fortunes have changed, and I would gladly welcome death rather than the fate that now lies before me. My mind is fully made up. Unless kind Heaven, who now seems to frown so bitterly upon me, sends some means of escape, if I am forced into this hated union, sooner than submit myself a helpless victim to this vile traitor, I will leap from yonder window into the sea. Rather a grave beneath the blue waters of the Adriatic than life with Ismail Bey!"

"Oh! it would be a fearful leap!"

And the two girls with sad faces approached the window and gazed out upon the stormy night. Black as ink was earth, sea and air; dark and sullen the rain-drops fell upon the surface of the troubled waters. So dark the night that one could scarcely see a hand's breadth before.

The sullen swash of the waves below, beating upon the rocks whereon the castle was founded, came audibly to the ears of the imprisoned ladies, and to their gloomy imagination, forcibly impressed by the time and the hour, the doleful sound seemed like the wail of some unquiet spirit.

Alexina shuddered as she looked down into the gulf, dark as the shades of hell.

"Oh, Catherine, to find death there! It would be too horrible!" she exclaimed, her soul full of terror.

"To find death anywhere is dreadful unless one is weary of life, and then death comes like slumber to the tired worker. To die is but to sleep."







## THE SINGER.

BY CORINNE CUSHMAN.

She sat at the instrument,  
And her graceful head was bent,  
And her cheeks were red as fire,  
And again she sang as of yore,  
And her voice was faint and low,  
Nor could she raise it higher.

Around stood haughty dames,  
Whose jewels shone like flames,  
And girls, in fluttering crowd,  
With worldly gentlemen  
And a critic of sharp pen,  
With head, as he listened, bowed.

Her first—her first attempt—  
"Oh, might I be exempt!"  
(The notes and the keys one blur.)  
But her mother on her led  
Lay sick, and the misty dread  
Dispersed at the thought of her.

Her pulse leaped on its course;  
She struck the keys with force  
In a prelude full of fire;  
And her voice rose like a bird  
That high in heaven is heard,  
And soars, and does not tire.

Then it moaned like some poor dove  
That has lost its mated love;  
Then lower, like the sea;  
With the sobbing instrument  
Its sighing pathos lent  
To the deep, deep misery.

Then, when all hearts were still,  
It went, with a silver thrill,  
Straight up the heavenly wall;  
Awhile it warbled there,  
And then, with a careless care,  
Came back with a downy fall.

The praises of her song  
Were the silence of the throng  
As she sat amid the group,  
Her white hands in her lap,  
A little tired, mayhap,  
And her soft blue eyes adroop.

Then the band began to play,  
The listeners moved away,  
To join in the joyous dance,  
And the singer, pale and slight,  
In her simple dress of white,  
Looked up, and met a glance.

The stranger's eyes were soft—  
As they turned to her full oft—  
They made her sad heart beat,  
And came and told her name,  
One, many a worldly dame  
Would cast at a daughter's feet.

And when she sang again,  
Gone was the trouble and pain  
Of the singer, singing sweet;  
The glow of his tender eyes  
Was like the stars that rise  
To guide a traveler's feet.

When the jeweled guests once more  
Were gathered as before,  
A bride was pressed to sing—  
And her voice rose angel-high  
As the light of her blue eye  
Fell on her wedding-ring.

## Dr. Sydney St. John.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

A LARGE, elegantly furnished bedroom, that was the very ideal of luxurious comfort and convenience. The walls tinted the daintiest, most delicate shade of glossy, silvery pink, picked out with gold; suitable pictures on the wall, hung with exquisite taste; curtains of foamy white lace beneath pink silk lambrequins; an elaborate suit of paneled walnut, with marble tops ornamented with the most elegant toilet suit of pink silk and Valenciennes lace; a pink and gold and white china set, brackets on the walls, in the corners, adorned with dainty draperies, and ornamented with marble statuettes; big, cosy spring rockers, upholstered in gray velvet and pink silk, a lounge en suite, and all matching the soft, mossy Aubusson carpet of pearly gray and pink.

It was a picture of artistic beauty and tasteful wealth, and the sweet, lovely face, lying on the lace-edged pillows, was itself a picture, with its pure, ivory complexion, dark, wistful eyes, heavy brows and lashes, and the luxuriant golden hair that trailed almost to the floor as the invalid swept it wearily aside. She had been lying there such a long weary-some time, and she didn't get any better—rather, she grew weaker and more nervous with every passing day, although her sweetness of temper did not desert her, nor her patient endurance.

Every day for months old Dr. Grassmere would drive up in his carriage and make his professional visit, and leave his orders for the day, and then drop in Mr. Nugent's study below and report.

And yet Mrs. Nugent did not get well; and there came to be a look of fear and pain on her husband's face, and one of puzzled dismay on Dr. Grassmere's countenance.

"I am entirely at a loss to account for your wife's persistence in remaining sick, Harry. I've given her enough tonic to enable her to shoulder a meeting-house, and yet there she lays as you see her—patient, resigned, obedient, but—no better. I can't see that there is any organic trouble anywhere. Beyond a general debility and extreme depression of spirits, nothing at all."

Harry Nugent looked anxiously in the good-natured face of this trusty, sensible old doctor, who had been the family physician of the Nugents ever since the time he had ushered young Harry into the world—twenty-five years ago—who had known him well, as baby, boy and man, and who was friend and adviser.

"But she suffers, doctor, she certainly suffers. There are times when she is very faint and says she feels so deathly; and her poor heart will pant as if it would leap from her side. My darling little Nellie! Oh, Dr. Grassmere, you know I would give half my fortune to see her well and around again, light-hearted and sunny-smiled as she was six months ago, before baby came and died."

Dr. Grassmere was corrugating his big, bald forehead into a perfect nest of deep, puzzled wrinkles.

"Bless her sweet face, I believe I'd give all of mine if I could get her out again. Honestly, Harry, my skill is exhausted. I don't know what else to do. There's no use pouring any more medicine down her. I will confess, my boy, I'm discouraged."

Harry's handsome face blanched.

"My God, doctor! Is it so bad as that? Will she die? She's not dying, is she?"

He sprang to his feet as he spoke, agitated and heartick.

"Not positively dying, Harry, but I tell you she can't live very long in this passive condition in which she rests, month in and month out. Something should be done to arouse her—frighten her, shame her—anything, but I can't do it. I've reasoned with her, scolded her, laughed at her—but she takes it all with that sweet courtesy that you know never fails her, and gently answers me that she knows her days are numbered, that when her baby died she felt so, and proves it by telling me I know she fails, which is a fact I cannot gainsay. To save my soul, Harry, I couldn't persuade her to be helped up in the easy-chair for a while this morning—I never was so tempted in my life as I was to pick her up bodily and carry her into the next room."

Harry gave a little cry of dismay.  
"Oh, doctor, how could you dream of such a thing! Why, it would have killed her—she's so weak she fainted yesterday when I told her there were a couple of lady friends in the drawing-room who wanted to see her."

Dr. Grassmere gave an extra vigorous polish to his speckless gold-rimmed glasses.  
"That's it, precisely! She won't see anybody, and thus get a chance of being cheered up a little. She's just lying there, letting her life ooze away while her nurse croaks to her and reads pages on pages of 'The Glories of Heavenly Rest' and 'Comfort to Dying Souls'—two admirable books, I grant, but hardly the sort of reading suitable to any one for whose life we are fighting."

Harry's face was grave and thoughtful.  
"Do you really think I had better dismiss Mrs. Carter and get a younger and more cheerful nurse?"

"Emphatically. I am prolonging my stay this morning far beyond its prescribed limits, just because I am convinced something decided has to be done. I want you to try the experiment of reading a little to Nellie yourself—nothing funny or amusing, for the change would be too sudden—but something entertaining. Then—I want you to get another doctor."

Harry looked at him in blank amazement.  
"Another doctor?"

"Just so, my dear boy. My skill has been tested to the full. I honestly think it will be best to treat your wife to a decided change. And I want you to send for a lady-doctor, too—there's a sympathy between women that may turn to advantage in this case."

Harry looked blanker than ever.

"A lady-doctor?"

"Yes—one I know, and will strongly recommend. A sensible, skillful, agreeable woman, to whom your wife will incline, and whose influence will be more palpable than mine. Do it, Harry. Authorize me to send Dr. Sydney St. John here this afternoon. I'll see her, and give her a history of the case, and I'll promise to have an eye after you all; and, please God, we'll make a desperate effort for Nellie's life."

So it came to pass that Dr. Grassmere called at the office of Miss St. John, and had a long consultation with her; and at four o'clock of that afternoon, when Harry was sitting at his wife's bedside, telling her that Mrs. Carter was obliged to leave her, and that another nurse was coming, that a servant announced that Dr. St. John was waiting.

And a minute after there came in the room a fair-faced, graceful-formed girl, of perhaps twenty-two or three, with the sweetest, most thoughtful face Harry Nugent thought he had ever seen. Even Nellie, who took so little notice of anything, was instantly impressed by the beauty of the large, laughing gray eyes, overshadowed by luxuriant purple-black brows—eyes that seemed at constant variance with the gravity and dignity and self-possession expressed by the firm, well-shaped mouth with its warmly red lips.

She was a thorough lady—the most casual glance decided that. Her dress was the very beau-ideal of what a lady physician's dress should be—a becomingly-made street suit of soft cashmere—not a forlorn short skirt and skimpy bodice, but a toilet that was exquisitely graceful and stylish without being desperately modish.

Mr. Nugent arose and bowed.

"Is this Dr. St. John? I am glad to see you. This is our invalid—my wife, Mrs. Nugent."

Dr. St. John showed her beautiful pearly teeth as she smiled and gave her hand to Nellie—such a fair, womanly hand, white and firm and strong, with pearly pink nails and the round wrist encircled loosely by a spotless linen cuff, fastened with a large gold sleeve-stud, with an intricate monogram in pearls.

(Harry, observing fellow, saw all of it.)

Then came a long list of professional questions, then several professional directions, one or two suggestions, and then a general conversation ensued, in which Harry and the pretty doctor had their fair share.

And then, Dr. St. John said good-morning to Nellie, promising to bring her a new book of which they had been talking, and was escorted down to her elegant little phaeton that waited her at the door, with the groom in livery perched in his high back seat.

"Before we say good-morning, Mr. Nugent, there is one word to be said regarding your wife. I am convinced there is nothing the matter with her that might not be removed of her own will. She is prostrated and nervous because she persists in keeping her bed; she must be made to get out of it. Indeed, if I may speak so emphatically, I may declare that Mrs. Nugent will die of pure obstinacy in refusing to get well."

Harry stood beside the phaeton, his handsome face wearing a look of gravity and bewilderment.

"That is what Dr. Grassmere said. 'We all admit she ought to get out of her sick-bed, but what good will it do to give her the shock necessary to arouse her?'"

Miss St. John looked the very picture of professional skill as she answered:

"A shock! Certainly not. An alarm of fire or a rumor of danger of any sort would perhaps kill—perhaps cure her, but the risk is not to be taken. It is just here, Mr. Nugent. Your wife honestly believes she is too ill ever to recover, and you know, as well as I, what wonderful effects the mind produces electrically on the physical organization. Now, for the sake of her life, which can be saved, we must get her out of bed—let her know for herself she is able to do it—and to accomplish this Dr. Grassmere has asked my consent to take the case. We have arranged a plan of action which he will tell you; and I think in a very short time you will see Mrs. Nugent far on the road to recovery."

It was a lovely morning, with such revels of glad sunshine lying all over the fair city, with such health-giving, life-strengthening tonic in the fresh sweet air, that Dr. Grassmere felt that it required all his self-control to keep him from flinging open the carefully-closed shutters and room, as he walked into the atmosphere of camphor and ammonia, and cologne water.

He found the invalid propped up among the lace-trimmed pillows, looking very pale and thin, and gentle and patient as usual.

"Well, Mrs. Nellie, and how are you coming on nowadays, with your new doctor? I declare, you do look better. Feel better, I should say. Glorious weather to convalesce in."

He held her little cold hand in his big one, and caressed it as one might a baby's fingers.

"I am comfortable, Dr. Grassmere, and that is all I can expect. I'm glad to see you, and so will Harry be. Isn't it nearly time he was home to lunch?"

Dr. Grassmere took out his watch.

"Nearly—yes, quite time. Has Dr. St. John

called to-day? I was in hopes I would meet her."

Nellie twisted her ring on her poor thin finger—her one ring, her wedding ring.

"We like her very much. She is very beautiful and fascinating, and she and Harry have such nice times together laughing and talking."

"A faint little sigh ended it a remark."

So you think Harry admires her—not any more than he ought to, eh?"

Nellie looked bewilderedly at him, and for the first time in months a flush crept to her pale face.

"More than he ought to! What do you mean, Dr. Grassmere?" And there was emphasis in the sweet, surprised voice as Nellie put the question—a question that Dr. Grassmere did not answer because there came a rap at the door, followed by the entrance of a servant bringing Mrs. Nugent's lunch—a quail on toast, a cup of chocolate, a soft-boiled egg, and a saucer of luscious peaches-and-cream—of all of which perhaps a half-dozen tastes would be taken.

And besides, there was a letter lying on the damask-covered silver tray—a letter, whose envelope was jagged, as if it had been hurriedly torn open.

"Oh, a letter, for you Mrs. Nugent?"

Dr. Grassmere put on his glasses as he prepared to cut Nellie's quail to suit, but was interrupted by a faint exclamation from Nellie, who had taken the letter and seen, first, the superscription: "Mr. Harry Nugent," and then—hurriedly tearing it open, the beginning—"My darling Harry," and the ending, "Ever your own true Sydney."

"Where did you get it?" she asked, almost gasping, of the maid.

"Indeed, and it was a-lay-in' on the flure of the hall as I cam' along, ma'am, and I on'y jist minded me to pick it up, thinkin' it was bish to give it to yees. Indade, and not knowin' the writin' on it, I tought it—"

But Nellie was not listening. She had pushed away the little table where the luncheon stood, and in her excitement and horror had risen partly from her bed, and was leaning on her elbow, devouring this horrible letter that read that her husband had become tired of her whining invalidism, and had concluded to take French leave for a while; and in answer to his entreaties that Dr. St. John would practically prove the love she had so often declared, was this letter from her, consenting to fly with him, and agreeing to meet him at the Clarendon hotel, that very day, at noon, to make their final arrangements.

Then, when she had read it, Nellie fainted, and while she lay there several seconds, white and unconscious, Dr. Grassmere read the letter and laughed and fairly shook.

"Pretty good! First rate! I declare I couldn't 'a' done it better myself! Clarendon, eh, now? I'll bet on Nellie when she comes to!"

And almost as soon as she opened her eyes, Nellie struggled up in bed, her eyes more expressive than Dr. Grassmere had seen them in many a day.

"Go for a carriage—quick! Send Pauline to me—I must get up, somehow, anyhow! Oh, Dr. Grassmere, to think my Harry—"

She swallowed back her tears, and looked determinedly at him.

"If I find them—if I find her—do be quick, Dr. Grassmere—do be quick!"

And the moment the door had closed on him, Nellie Nugent was on her feet for the first time in months—trembling, weak, it was true, but fired by a vehemence that sent her blood pulsing riotously along her veins. With the assistance of Pauline, she was soon dressed, and together they ascended her down-stairs—every step she took firmer than the other—every moment adding brighter indignation to her eyes, until when, after what seemed a longer drive than necessary, their carriage drove up to the ladies' entrance of the Clarendon. Mrs. Nugent would never have been taken for the woman who, two hours ago, had been lying white and helpless among the pillows of the bed she had not left for so long. At the Clarendon, Dr. Grassmere escorted her to the ladies' parlor, while he went on a tour of investigation. In five minutes he returned and took Nellie on his arm, and together they ascended by the elevator to almost the very door of a private parlor, before which Dr. Grassmere paused.

"Now, Nellie, my dear child, are you all ready for a surprise? Are you sure you can bear what you will hear in a moment?"

And Nellie, cresting her head a second in righteous indignation, then lowering it with sudden anguish of heart, told Dr. Grassmere she knew her heart was broken because Harry was so cruelly treacherous.

Dr. Grassmere and she followed the servant in; then he dismissed the man, and then he called out:

Harry! Here she is! We've managed to get her out, of her own free will, and the result is—look at her!"

And Harry came out from the second room of the suit, and rushed up to her and caught her in his arms.

"Nellie! My darling! Thank God for this!"

And Nellie, bewildered, half frightened, looked inquiringly around.

"But—where is—where is Dr. St. John?"

Then Dr. Grassmere laughed as if he never would stop, and even Mr. Nugent smiled as he held her in his arms and smoothed her cheek caressingly.

"I will confess I did not like the means to get you here, darling, but Dr. Grassmere was so confident, and you see he was not wrong—and as Dr. St. John is his betrothed wife—why, I consented. You will forgive us all the innocent little trick, Nellie?"

And from that very hour Nellie Nugent dated her recovery—and that very night, in her parlors, the three conspirators laughed with her over their very heroic treatment.

"It happened to save me," Nellie says, dubiously.

"All the same I shall never recommend good-looking lady doctors."

## THE WAY OF THE WORLD.

BY HARRIET ESTHER WARNER.

Fair was the golden sashine  
As before the altar there  
She knelt, our blue-eyed Mabel,  
Her bride veil for our doing—  
Her dainty form clad in satin,  
Pearls in the golden hair,  
Yet the dimpled chin quivered strangely  
As with something like despair.

A grand match it was, folks whispered—  
Her beauty, his honor and gold:  
Ah yes! a grand match, considering  
That a heart for wealth had been sold.  
The love that would make Earth a Heaven  
Had been trampled out of sight,  
Because it came not with riches:  
The poor to love have small right!

And so, she had taken the suitor  
That came with the glamour of gold,  
And hidden love's wonderful secret  
In her heart that had grown strangely cold.  
And she had knelt, our blue-eyed Mabel,  
Through the lace of her bridal veil,  
She wondered if "gold cured the heartache,  
If not"—and she smothered a wail.

Five years went by and the altar  
Before which fair Mabel was wed  
Had become again for our doing—  
But now 'twas with flowers for the dead.  
Instead of love's royal roses  
Pale lilies and cypress were there;  
And no gleam of bridal vestments,  
But sable that told of despair.

Only five years since Mabel, our darling,  
In a bride's snowy sheen was arrayed,  
Now wrapped in Death's wonderful silence  
Her form in the coffin is laid.  
Had she been happy, we wondered,  
As we gazed on the face cold and fair,  
And shuddered as we saw streaks of silver  
Slightly gleam in the gold of her hair!

Too late, too late now the knowledge  
That love is not purchased with gold;  
And useless the tears that are falling  
On the lips that are silent and cold.  
Over the dower-strewn coffin  
The tears of the husband are shed;  
And we pity him in his great sorrow,  
And weep with him over the dead.

Just three months since dear little Mabel  
Had passed to the Thither shore,  
And our eyes were still wet with weeping,  
But he suddenly faced her.  
And the crane still hung at the door,  
When we read in the great city paper  
Of her death, and we said:  
For Mabel's grief-stricken husband  
Was married, gain to-day!

## Margoun, the Strange:

OR,

Gilbert Grayling's Young Wife.

BY WM. MASON TURNER, M. D.,

AUTHOR OF "COLLEGE RIVALS," "MASKED MINER," "\$50,000 REWARD," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER X.

ON THE WING.

ON the day following it was soon known in the seminary that Grace Grayling and her roommate were to leave for home.

Good Madame Lefebvre had much to give up her scholars, inasmuch as they had taken a long course of study, and now lacked only a few months of "graduating"—so called for courtesy's sake. But she could oppose nothing. She simply looked on tearfully, as now and then she ran for a few moments into the girls' room to see them pack their trunks.

By noon the trunks were strapped, madame's tuition bill paid, and the two girls, now students no longer, were ready, in their traveling-dresses, for the journey. They were awaiting with some nervousness the coming of Abner Denby, from whom that morning at an early hour they had heard. That individual had written a formal note to the effect that he would call at the seminary and give the maidens any assistance that lay in his power.

Grace and Clara were now anxiously looking for him; for without him they would have no one to attend to their baggage, and no one to escort them to the depot. For this duty, Grace was reluctantly compelled to accept of the clerk's company. But the time flew by; twelve o'clock came, then one; and the dinner-hour at the seminary rolled around. Still Abner Denby had not come.

Yet the girls expected to leave the city on the four o'clock train, and after that Grace was anxious to carry out her father's wishes as near to the letter as possible. To that end she wished to get to the distant Grange away up by the lake; and the sooner the better.

Truth was, Grace, almost ashamed down and out to the sea by the unexpected and unwelcome tidings her father's letter bore, longed now for seclusion. She could find it at the Grange, where she could hide herself from the world.

She passed a sleepless night—that is, what remained of it after she and Clara had gone to bed. And long after the dark-haired brunette had gone to sleep, Grace lay with wide-open eyes, and thought of what she might have to go through with in the near-at-hand future.

Why had not her father written to her before, and at least hinted at his marital intentions? Why did he, an old man, wed a young woman—a girl only two years older than herself? Why did her father prejudice her own conduct in the premises, and give her such harsh, stern advice? Did not this young wife give her heart and hand to him simply because he was a rich man? If so, was she not an adventurer? What in life would then be worth the living for, at the Grange? Would not her own heretofore happy and glad existence be henceforth forever dark and dreary?

These thoughts had rapidly revolved through Grace Grayling's distressed bosom; and when at last she sunk into a restless, uneasy slumber, it was nearly day; and she had sobbed herself to sleep.

But now she sat all alone in her dear old room in the broad glare of day, waiting for Abner Denby. For the time she was alone—Clara Dean having just left the room to hold some farrow chats with her schoolmates.

Grace arose and drew near the window, through which in the happy past she had so often looked out at the passing world. The sky was blue and bright; not a cloud floated in the still, cold ether. The storm of the night before had blown itself away; but it left its work behind. Great drifts of snow covered the streets, rendering them almost impassable; and the gleaming, sheeny surface showed as far as the eye could reach.

Ten minutes passed—then a quarter of an hour; and Grace still stood by the window looking sadly out. As she gazed, a dreamy, musing expression gradually crept over her face. Her wrinkled brow smoothed, and her long, silken lashes fringed upon her cheek. She shook her head and murmured softly:

"It's very strange! But I cannot keep him out of my mind! I have heard much of his singular history. He has had a checked life; and, why?—hesitatingly—'papa, perhaps, did not treat him exactly right; in trying his old estate from him, without letting him know it—and he, poor fellow, so far away!'"

She paused abruptly and flung back one of her truant tresses.

"But, pshaw!" she muttered, with a forced laugh, "why should I pity him? Have I not more reason to dislike him? Did he not write papa a very impertinent letter? And if he ever should come back, will he not be our enemy? But," and the dreamy, musing look came again to her face, "a hazy light to her eyes, 'I can't help thinking about Thorne Manton!'"

"A strange name indeed! Thorne! I wonder—"

"A strange name indeed! Thorne!" said a voice behind her; and Clara Dean quietly closed the door and approached.

"You, Clara!" stammered Grace, in confusion, her cheeks crimsoning.

"Yes; Thorne is a strange name! It smacks of the bleak Norseland. Did you read any of the writings of the old Norse Sagas, Grace, dear?"

"No, and I don't care to," was the tart reply.

"Ah! Well, perhaps you would like some dinner; that is more prosaic," and Clara laughed.

"No; I care nothing for that either. I can't eat, Clara; I feel too sad."

"Very good. But, under all circumstances I am blessed with a fair appetite. So I'll—"

At that moment the front bell, under a vigorous pull, rung through the grand seminary. A few moments later, a servant announced that Mr. Abner Denby was in the parlor, and would like to see Miss Grayling for a few moments.

Grace's face brightened at the news; this was some relief at least; so she hurried from the room, while Clara Dean ran down-stairs to dinner.

When Grace reached the parlor, Mr. Denby was standing hat in hand by the mantel; and, as if he had entirely forgotten the girl's harsh words to him of the night before, he bowed courteously, and hastened to say:

"Thanks, Miss Grayling, for not keeping me waiting; for I am pressed for time. I would have been here earlier, but I was—"

"No apology is needed, Mr. Denby," interrupted Grace, in a kinder tone than she had ever used to him. "I have made all my preparations."

"Yes; but does not Miss Dean accompany you?" asked Abner, quickly.

"Certainly; her trunk is likewise packed."

"Then it is all right. I have engaged a section for you in the sleeping-coach, have ordered a wagon to carry your luggage to the depot, and a carriage to convey you and Miss Dean to the cars. It will be here at three o'clock sharp, for the streets are almost impassable, and I thought I would not err in the matter of time. I take it for granted that you will leave in the four o'clock express."

"Yes, Mr. Denby; and I sincerely thank you for your kindness."

"Say nothing of that, Miss Grayling. I will come in the carriage to accompany you to the station, and see you safely aboard the cars."

"You are very kind, sir."

"I beg you not to mention it," and he turned toward the door.

"You know, Miss Grayling, that the snow-storm of last night extended all over the country—especially was it severe in the northern part of this State. Of course—"

"But certainly the trains are not stopped?" interrupted Grace, in some alarm.

"Oh, no. But you know that from Wyndham station to the Grange is nearly fifteen miles."

"Yes; and I shudder at the ride ahead of us in the old, creaky, windy stage-coach."

"The stage-coach is not running. This storm has stopped it for many weeks to come."

"Not running! How then—"

"I feared this," interrupted the man, with a trace of impudence. "So I telegraphed to the ticket-agent at Wyndham station to find out. He answered, stating what I have just told you."

"Too bad!" muttered Grace. "But how can we get on then?"

"I have arranged all that. I sent a dispatch, to be forwarded by carrier from the station, to your father's old body-servant, Silas Warren, who has charge of the Grange, instructing him to fix up the family sleigh and meet you at the station."

"Splendid!" exclaimed the girl, clapping her hands. "A sleigh-ride is a novelty to me, nowadays. It will be real jolly. Certainly you are very kind, Mr. Denby."

"Your ride may not be so jolly, Miss Grayling," said Denby, dryly. "That is, if the starting—"

He paused suddenly and drew on his gloves.

"What were you saying, sir?" asked Grace, uneasy and anxious at the man's seriousness.

"A slip of the tongue," he answered, with a laugh. "After all, it is only a rumor, and may be as idle as the wind."

"Rumor? What rumor? Do tell me, Mr. Denby," urged Grace.

"I am sorry I referred to it, and for your peace of mind I think I had better not tell you."

"You alarm me, sir. Go on."

"Then it was only this," he answered, with a covert glint in his small eyes. "This said that of late several daring highway robbers have been committed on the road between Wyndham station and Shoreville, and that road you have to travel to get to the Grange."

"Good heavens! I feel—"

"You may as well dismiss your fears," interrupted Denby, soothingly. "As I said, the rumor, ten to one, is without shadow of foundation—though, truth be told, the winter is a hard one on people without work, and—why—the country up there is lonely and deserted enough. But, with your leave, I must now go."

He lifted his hat, and left the house.

"I have put a flea in her ear," he laughed wickedly, as he went striding down the street.

"It is really wonderful what lying will accomplish. It is first-cousin to money!"

That morning, just as the dawn broke, Thorne Manton and Margoun, the Hindoo, were astir.

They were soon dressed, performing their toilet by gas-light. They certainly had not



bade them good-by, wished them a safe journey, and left.

Scarcely had he reached the platform of the station when a shivering newsboy passed, shouting:

"Extra! extra! Latest edition! News of the City of Chester!"

"Here, boy!" and Abner soon had a paper in his hand.

Glancing over the last edition column, he read the following:

"The *Harold* yacht just up, and reports the *Imman* steamer, City of Chester, in the lower bay, making her way slowly up through the ice. She is expected at her wharf at eight or nine o'clock this evening. Like the *Adriatic*, which arrived late last night, she has encountered heavy winds almost the entire passage."

"Confound it," muttered Abner. "I'll have to meet old Grayling and his young wife at the wharf."

He crushed the paper in his pocket and hurried away. As he strode along he muttered:

So absorbed had Abner been when he read the short paragraph in the newspaper, that he did not notice the men who stood by, so close to him that they brushed against him in the crowd.

Those two men, who, by the by, attracted much attention, were Thorle Manton and Margot. The former hurried by Denby without paying any heed to him. But the Hindoo's rest less eyes soon fell upon the fellow. Instantly he passed and thrust his hand in his bosom. But he quickly shook his head, and hurried on after him when he saw the latter's eyes.

A moment later the two entered the same coach in which sat Grace Grayling and Clara. The dusk of the early-evening night was at hand, and the lamps in the comfortable car were already lit.

As young Manton strode by the section allotted to Grace and Clara, the former of the girls was looking out of the filmy window. But the black-eyed Clara was watching every passenger who entered.

As her gaze fell upon the manly form and bronzed face of Thorle Manton, she started as though she had seen an apparition.

"Good heavens!" she ejaculated, in a guarded tone. "So soon! 'Tis Thorle Manton!"

#### CHAPTER XI. THE YOUNG WIFE.

At the same hour, that afternoon, that the train conveying Grace and Clara, and others of our prominent characters thus far introduced, drew out from under the depot, the magnificent steamer *City of Chester*, of the *Imman* line, passed in at Sandy Hook, and pushed her way, through the great drifts of floating ice, toward her wished-for haven.

She had been outstripped by the *Adriatic*, but she had made a good run, after all.

The ice was thick, and she made her onward way with much difficulty, though under a full pressure of steam.

The wind was blowing sharply, and the air was keen and frosty. But the sky was clear, and the sun shone down in all its splendor. So the quarter-deck of the steamer was crowded with passengers, who had braved the cold air to get a view of the city of their destination, the tall spires and gigantic buildings of which could now be seen in the lucky distance.

In that crowd, and far forward in an isolated position from the rest, where a good lookout could be had, stood a group of three persons.

One was a remarkably tall old gentleman of at least sixty years of age. His white hair was cropped short, but his equally white side-whiskers were very luxuriant and well kept. Under the force of the wind, right in the face of which the steamer was moving, they now fell on either side far back over his shoulders. These whiskers were evidently a feature, and a source of jealous pride with the old gentleman, though he had no recourse to artificial means to restore them to their pristine color. They were as white as the drifted snow which marked the distant shores of the bay.

He wore gold-rimmed eye-glasses, dangling from his neck by an elegant chain of office, and he was clad in rich, though rather obtrusive attire, which would have far better suited a man thirty years his junior.

Hanging continually upon his arm was a slender lady, well wrapped in costly shawls and furs. She had flung her veil back, so that her face could be seen. A remarkably pretty face at the first glance, with its rosy cheeks, its sparkling pale-blue eyes, its firm, rich-cut mouth, and her hair, which was dark and waving with an aureole of light sunny-brown.

But when that face was in repose, it was not so attractive; for the rosy cheeks, underneath the mantling color, were wan and haggard; the brow showed wrinkles of deep thought or long suffering; the pale-blue eyes were cold and hard in expression, and around the curved lid-lashes showed, as though cut by the graver's chisel.

This young woman—for she was certainly in the glad springtide of life—was the old gentleman's wife, and this was their honeymoon.

He was Gilbert Grayling, one of the "merchant princes" of New York. She was the girl who had plighted to him her hand and heart in the indissoluble bond of wedlock.

Standing stiff and silent behind the newly-wedded pair, a bundle of warm wrappings of her arm, was a spare, gaunt-looking woman of some thirty-five years of age. She had a mass of black hair in which a profusion of red ribbons appeared. Her cheeks were dark olive in hue, sunken and wasted as if from internal fire. The mouth was thin-lipped and stern, and the eyes were black and snaky in their glance.

She was a forbidding, crafty-looking, wicked woman—one who, at a single glance, would throw a person on the defensive, and send a chill of—well, something not exactly definable—through your system. That something, however, was, at least, a vague repulsion, an almost downright repugnance.

That cold, stern-looking woman was the young wife's French maid. Her name was Flavelle, and for a number of years she had been a constant attendant upon the fair young creature who was old Gilbert Grayling's wife.

This party had been the cynosure of all eyes on the steamer. And on this bright, but cold afternoon as they stood on the bridge, they had deck more than one wondering glance was cast toward them.

It did, indeed, look as though hoary-headed winter and green-grassed spring had clasped hands. No wonder that many about the ship had shrugged their shoulders; no wonder that some had whispered among themselves:

"Poor thing! She has sold herself for money—she has been bought for a price!"

"Are you cold, darling?" whispered the old man, as he noted that a shiver passed over her spare frame.

"No—yes—that is, somewhat," was the abstracted reply. Here, Florine, fling another shawl over my shoulders, if you please."

"Yes, madame," answered the French maid, with a marked foreign accent, advancing at once and doing her mistress's bidding. Then she retired at once to her former respectful distance.

"Had you not better go below, my dear?" asked Mr. Grayling in a solicitous tone.

"Not for worlds!" was her quick and extravagant answer. "This scenery is grand! The clear blue sky, the gladdening sun, the white-draped shores, the ice-locked waters! Oh, no, I would not miss it for a year of my lifetime!"

She spoke with enthusiasm; but in it was a wild, vehement element which was impressive and unnatural.

Old Gilbert Grayling glanced at her. A passing expression of uneasiness and surprise flitted over his face; for, though his wife had spoken vivaciously and spiritedly, yet her eyes did not light up, nor did a single feature of her face indicate that she felt a word she had uttered.

Gilbert Grayling had noticed this same thing frequently of late, and he had wondered at it at first. Then it set him to pondering; then it gave him some concern. For he remembered to have seen nothing of it, during his four months

of courtship. Was she, this blooming young woman, already tired of her wedded life—tired of him?

This reflection had often come to him; he pondered it now on the windy quarter-deck of the ship. But, shaking off these gloomy feelings, he said, with a little laugh:

"Very well, love; you always have your way."

"Ay! and always will," was the prompt, earnest reply. "That is, Gilbert dear, when I am in the right."

She added the last words hastily; for, as she flung her eyes up to his face she saw that his brow was suddenly knit into a frown.

"Ah! yes, exactly—of course," said the old man, dryly, as he turned away and scanned with vacant gaze the ice-locked, snow-girt horizon bending in the distance.

The young wife noted his meaningless reply; she noted, too, his indifferent manner as he gazed ahead of him. Her eyes suddenly gleamed, and her lips went together like a vise. But she bent her head and said nothing.

Several moments passed in silence, while the steamer slowly picked her way through the thickening ice-fields.

The sun was now glancing rapidly toward the red-rimmed west, and the winter wind grew sharper and more biting every moment.

Old Grayling glanced down at his wife, but he said nothing. The silence between them was getting awkward and unpleasant.

"This is slow work, Gilbert," at length said Mrs. Grayling, glancing over the side of the steamer and noting the tardy progress she was making. "Why in the world doesn't the captain take a tug?"

"Because no tug can work its way to us. Can you see any one in sight?"

Gilbert Grayling had become musing and abstracted. His reply was cold and business-like. In an instant two bright red spots glowed in his wife's cheeks, and her disengaged hand closed until the tightly-fitting glove burst its fastenings. But, by a desperate effort, controlling herself, she said:

"And when are we expected to reach the wharf, Gilbert?"

"The captain hopes to do so by eight, my dear—not later than nine," answered the old gentleman, his same old kind manner returning.

"I wish we were there now," she said, yearningly. "Though I have sailed the sea oftentimes, this voyage has satisfied me for a long time to come. But, Gilbert, where will you stop to-night in the city?"

"At the Fifth Avenue, darling. I have directed my head-clerk to engage for us apartments there. He will meet us at the steamer's wharf."

"I have often heard you speak of this clerk," she pursued, in an interested way. "He must be of much value to you?"

"Yes, love. But of late I have had some doubts as to his honesty," answered the old gentleman, while a frown passed over his face.

"Ah! Then by all means discharge him. But who is he? You have never mentioned his name."

"His name is Abner Denby, and I knew—hat what's the matter?" he hurriedly asked, as he felt a violent shiver pass through his wife's frame, and she came near dragging her hand from his arm. At the same moment she pulled her veil before her paling face.

"Only a passing shiver," was the tremulous reply. "I believe, after all, I am not brave enough for this weather. The wind cuts my face like a knife."

She turned partly away; but old Grayling, over whose face rested a stern shade, checked her.

"Did you ever hear of Abner Denby, wife?" he asked, in a low tone.

The slender woman recoiled; but again controlling herself she said: "I have heard of him in New York. It strikes me that I have heard a rumor that his father was executed for murder. Yes, I am sure I have."

These words were spoken in a cool, steady voice.

"You are right, my dear," said the old man, in a relieved tone. "But you see," he hastened to add, "that circumstance should not militate against the son, provided he is capable and honest. I took him into my employment, however, chiefly for another reason."

He laughed jovially.

"And that reason, Gilbert?" she quickly asked, peering at him through her veil.

"Oh this, you see when I was a young man—that is considerably younger than I am now," he hastened to say, "why I saw the woman who is now Abner Denby's mother. She was young and handsome, and I fell in love with her; yes, I went so far as to propose to her!"

"Yes, Gilbert—and?"

"She accepted me at once. But I soon learned that she was after my money which I had inherited, and that she didn't care a button for me."

"The heartless, sordid creature!"

"Exactly. But I broke the engagement, myself, and here, in later years, to soothe the old woman's mind, I gave her son employment."

Another silence ensued.

The sun had now gone down, the air was cold with icy, and most of the passengers had gone below.

"Come, Florine, I'll seek my state-room," said Mrs. Grayling, releasing her husband's arm, and turning away. "Follow me, I wish to speak with you."

All this time the French maid had stood a silent but not disinterested spectator of what was going on. She had overheard much of the conversation which had passed between the old man and his young wife, and more than once, a cruel, malicious smile had swept over her thin lips.

As Mrs. Grayling spoke, a quick, meaning glance had been exchanged between the two. But the maid simply bowed and followed her mistress to the companionway, down which they soon descended.

Old Gilbert gazed after them for several moments with a stern, mystified air. Buttoning his overcoat to the chin, and thrusting his hands in his pockets, he strode up and down the deserted quarter-deck, as if lost in gloomy thought.

"Confound it!" he muttered at last, "I don't like that black-eyed, wide-awake French girl one bit. If I have my say in the matter—and I am under the impression I will—she'll not stay long at the Grange!"

Up and down he strode. Then once again, as he glanced at the bridge ahead of him, on which stood the watchful captain, he muttered:

"Well, I'm not wanted in my state-room, that's certain; so I'll go and have a chat with our good skipper. But," the frown deepened on his face, "does my wife know anything about Abner Denby?—has she ever seen him?—and can it be possible that I, in my old age, have made an ass of myself by drawing a blank in the great marriage lottery?"

Just about eight o'clock that night the City of Chester was made fast to her wharf.

Mr. Grayling, wife and servant hurried ashore. They were met at the gang-plank by Abner Denby, who had a carriage in waiting.

The meeting and greeting between the rich man and his employee was formal and business-like, though they had not met for more than two years.

Mrs. Grayling was closely veiled, though there was no need, for the night was dark and gloomy. But as old Grayling introduced her to Denby, do what she could, she trembled violently.

"I suppose, Mr. Denby, you secured apartments for me at the Fifth Avenue?" asked the rich man, pompously.

"Yes, sir, the best in the house—a parlor and two bedrooms en suite, on the second floor," was the almost humble reply.

Mr. Grayling handed his wife and the French maid into the carriage, but before entering himself, he said, in an undertone:

"This early yet; come to my rooms at half-

past nine to-night, at the hotel, Mr. Denby. I wish to see you a short while on business."

Denby started slightly at the word *business*; but he replied:

"Certainly, sir. I'll be there."

The carriage creaked away through the snowy streets, and as it jolted along old Gilbert Grayling's young wife murmured to herself:

"He knew me not—he knew me not! 'Tis well—very well!"

The time flew away, and at half-past nine o'clock, the madly excited, scrupulously attired, entered the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He had selected the rooms for his employer, and he knew where they were; so he ascended the stairs and turned down the long corridor.

The door to the parlor which he was approaching was partly open. Denby glanced in; he saw two persons sitting there.

He recoiled back, and muttered:

"Great God! is she his wife?"

(To be continued—commenced in No. 397.)

#### WILL THE SHADOWS BE LIFTED TO-MORROW?

BY HERMAN KAPLANSKY.

Will the shadows be lifted to-morrow? Does the sun ever shine in rain? And the clouds that are loud in their sorrow, Will they ever cease weeping again? Will the flowers bloom sweet as before? Will the sky, in its bluest serenity, Look smilingly on us once more?

Will the shadows be lifted to-morrow? Will my heart in its grief-stricken-rent? Will hope, the kind soother of sorrow, With her bow of promise be sent? Will the waves of my life's troubled fountain Be calmed and clear as of old?

Will the shadows that darken my pathway Be scattered like phantoms of woe? Ah! yes, will the shadows be lifted From the hill-top and valley and plain; Who you may be, I know nothing and care less; Only that you are of a different religion from ours. That is a bar sufficient against all intercourse. You must pledge me your sacred honor that you will never speak to me again—of mouth or by letter. Do this and you may go free."

"I reckon Fiery Fred'll have a word or two to say agin' that," interposed Weasel, sharply. Give me the pledge, and I swear by my dead mother's soul that you shall go free, no matter who comes between," said Don Estevan, in a low, resolute tone, paying no attention to the interruption.

"And if I refuse?"

"You will die the death of a dog! Listen: my daughter is betrothed to the man whom you know as Fiery Fred; she gave a willing consent long before she saw you. In two days from this she will become his wife."

"That day will never come!" uttered a thrilling voice from the doorway, where Inez suddenly appeared. "I hate and loathe the creature you name so utterly that I would rather die than have a finger of his hand touch one thread of my dress! But you, my friend," and her voice softened like magic, gave the promise she asked. "You must not sacrifice your life."

"I would rather die for you than live for any one else!" impulsively cried Allen. "Remember this—dead or living, I love you."

With a furious curse Don Estevan sprang forward and snatched the prisoner's lips with the force that brought the blood; but it did not hinder Ned from reading aright the glad glow that filled the maiden's eyes at his declaration.

"Look to him, men!" hissed the infuriated parent. "If he dares utter one word, blow his brains out!"

He hastened to the door and grasping the girl's arm, thrust her before him until within her chamber, when he turned the key upon her, with a grating curse, before he hastened back to the other room.

"The pesky, contrary fool wouldn't so much as open his lips!" snarled Weasel, in a tone of disgust, as though he felt himself defrauded of a deserved treat.

"Be silent!" sternly uttered Don Estevan; then turning to Allen, whose eyes were still filled with a joyous exultation. "As for you, poor fool! I tried hard to save your life, but you have committed suicide in spite of me. After all, even though my own hand must silence your lips. And yet—bah! I am a fool for pitying you after this. I will wash my hands of the whole business. Fiery Fred will be here to-night, and I will place you in his hands, to deal with as he sees fit."

"I do not care so much what you do with me," said Ned, slowly. "I am a man, and can bear it. But for the memory of the mother that bore you! do not sacrifice your daughter to that hell-bound—"

"Enough—one word more and I will be forced to have you gagged. Must I always be reminded—Go call the men, fellow. Hasten!"

Grimacing with insolent cunning, Weasel did not leave his chair, but blew a shrill whistle through his fingers, and a dozen miners came to the room. Don Estevan did not speak, but motioned them to bring the captive, and light in hand, he led the way to an underground cell, cool but dry, in which Ned Allen was thrust, his hands still bound behind him.

The heavy door clanged, the sound of footsteps gradually died away, and he found himself alone, a captive, doomed to death!

CHAPTER XXVII.

AN EVENTFUL NIGHT.

The gold-hunters lost little time in getting to work after Ned Allen set out upon his eventful scout. They had already lost so much time that they could ill afford to lose more. Not only were they eager to learn the extent of their riches, but the tidings might spread far and wide at any hour. A party of prospectors might stumble across them at any moment, and when one came others would follow, like vultures to a dead body.

This fact, too, would serve to explain why Fiery Fred was so determined in his resolve to "clean out" the entire party, since an influx of miners would render it necessary for him to abandon his present quarters for others less congenial.

Scarcely half an hour after resuming work, Grinning Dick gave a yell of delight, as he dropped upon his knees and began burrowing in the dirt with all the eagerness of a terrier scenting a rat. Eagerly the others crowded around; they knew that there could be but one cause.

"Good Lawd! jest look at them ar!" gasped Dick, brushing the streaming perspiration from his eyes with one hand, holding the other, cap, up before the sparkling eyes of his comrades. "Ain't them the real beauties? an' that's more what they come from—your bet!"

The excited digger had chanced upon a veritable "pocket" of gold, where the flat, smooth-worn "beans" lay nearly as thick as plums in a Christmas pudding. For the moment it seemed as though he had realized one of those marvelous tales of "gold by the mile-load" with which veteran miners were so fond of "stuffing" to exhaust the "pocket." The result was nearly a quart of golden beans.

The excitement of this discovery brought Gossip George to their aid, though he was still stiff and sore from his wounds and bruises. Hoping with each stroke of the pick to unearth another pocket, the five men worked wonders, even after Gossip George had left them in disgust.

And after a time, Fieard, the wounded miner, begged him to relieve him of the little while, declaring himself fit for work. But the poor fellow's will was stronger than his body, and from that time on the two men kept guard over the little pile of weapons together.

The day drew to an end, and Harry Lane began to grow anxious at the long absence of Allen. As the sun set the men quit work and returned to camp, all but Harry in high feather over their good progress and better fortune.

thenceforward acting as though the outlaw had no existence.

"When last we parted, senior, I did not expect to meet you again, so soon."

"And now that we have met, perhaps you will be so kind as to explain why I am here, a bound prisoner—why I was ambushed like a dog—after your swearing upon the cross of your faith to keep the peace?" demanded Ned, only the remembrance that Inez' father stood before him restraining the bitter taunts that rose to his lips.

"Look!" cried Don Estevan, brushing the hair from his temples and touching a livid welt upon his brow. "You speak of peace—this was made by a bullet, no longer than yesterday, and one of your friends fired it!"

"You must mean young Grey," thoughtfully replied Ned, started at this proof of how his fatherly friend had been in his war of blood.

"But you cannot blame us with this. You were warned by him before you pledged yourself. You knew that he had sworn your life."

"He was one of your party," coldly replied Don Estevan. "But even admitting that," and his voice, though low, grew deep and menacing with anger, "how have you kept the peace? By trying to set my own child against me, filling her mind with poison, teaching her to defy me, and endeavoring to doom you to death a thousand times over?"

"Stop!" cried Ned, his anger running over; but then he remembered that to justify himself he must in a measure implicate Inez, and he said no more.

"I know what you would say," resumed the Californian, in a calmer voice. "I know that in a wild fit of romantic gratitude—nothing more—my daughter thought to cancel my debt of gratitude by warning you of some peril."

"And you, my daughter, you have done better. You have ended there. I should have been content to have overlooked it. But you must come spying upon my house—you lure my child into another secret interview. She is young and romantic—she is only a child, as I may say."

"Who you may be, I know nothing and care less; only that you are of a different religion from ours. That is a bar sufficient against all intercourse. You must pledge me your sacred honor that you will never speak to me again—of mouth or by letter. Do this and you may go free."

"I reckon Fiery Fred'll have a word or two to say agin' that," interposed Weasel, sharply. Give me the pledge, and I swear by my dead mother's soul that you shall go free, no matter who comes between," said Don Estevan, in a low, resolute tone, paying no attention to the interruption.

"And if I refuse?"

"You will die the death of a dog! Listen: my daughter is betrothed to the man whom you know as Fiery Fred; she gave a willing consent long before she saw you. In two days from this she will become his wife."

"That day will never come!" uttered a thrilling voice from the doorway, where Inez suddenly appeared. "I hate and loathe the creature you name so utterly that I would rather die than have a finger of his hand touch one thread of my dress! But you, my friend," and her voice softened like magic, gave the promise she asked. "You must not sacrifice your life."

"I would rather die for you than live for any one else!" impulsively cried Allen. "Remember this—dead or living, I love you."

With a furious curse Don Estevan sprang forward and snatched the prisoner's lips with the force that brought the blood; but it did not hinder Ned from reading aright the glad glow that filled the maiden's eyes at his declaration.

"Look to him, men!" hissed the infuriated parent. "If he dares utter one word, blow his brains out!"

He hastened to the door and grasping the girl's arm, thrust her before him until within her chamber, when he turned the key upon her, with a grating curse, before he hastened back to the other room.

"The pesky, contrary fool wouldn't so much as open his lips!" snarled Weasel, in a tone of disgust, as though he felt himself defrauded of a deserved treat.

"Be silent!" sternly uttered Don Estevan; then turning to Allen, whose eyes were still filled with a joyous exultation. "As for you, poor fool! I tried hard to save your life, but you have committed suicide in spite of me. After all, even though my own hand must silence your lips. And yet—bah! I am a fool for pitying you after this. I will wash my hands of the whole business. Fiery Fred will be here to-night, and I will place you in his hands, to deal with as he sees fit."

"I do not care so much what you do with me," said Ned, slowly. "I am a man, and can bear it. But for the memory of the mother that bore you! do not sacrifice your daughter to that hell-bound—"

"Enough—one word more and I will be forced to have you gagged. Must I always be reminded—Go call the men, fellow. Hasten!"

Grimacing with insolent cunning, Weasel did not leave his chair, but blew a shrill whistle through his fingers, and a dozen miners came to the room. Don Estevan did not speak, but motioned them to bring the captive, and light in hand, he led the way to an underground cell, cool but dry, in which Ned Allen was thrust, his hands still bound behind him.

The heavy door clanged, the sound of footsteps gradually died away, and he found himself alone, a captive, doomed to death!

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE MINER'S VOICE.

The miner's voice failed him as the blood welled up to his throat. There was a gasping struggle, inexpressible in words, as the others in that intense darkness—and then the faint light, the head fell heavily, and all present knew that one more life had been sacrificed to the mines of gold.

Gently the corpse was laid outside the trench, no longer needing its protection. One of the survivors spoke. Silence, too, reigned upon the hillside. The light had vanished, the rifles were stilled—darkness covered everything, not a sound was heard. Following the mission, was soon discovered. Following the words of Gossip George almost immediately, a dozen firebrands from the hillside vomited forth their contents, the shrill whistling of bullets being plainly audible to the startled miners, who for the moment were too bewildered to move.

"Take to the hole an' give 'em as good as they send!" cried Gossip George, his rifle speaking out sharply.



## CHAPTER XXIX.

GOSPEL GEORGE was the only one of the party that failed to promptly obey the command of Harry Lane. Without a moment's hesitation he plunged into the water, vanishing almost immediately from view of his comrades.

"An' that's the end o' him!" muttered Grumbling Dick, as they once more resumed their stations in the rifle-pit. "The boss said they was a traitor 'mong us, an' now I know it—the bigger fools we fer lettin' him blind us so long!"

"Treachery there has been," slowly responded Harry Lane; "foul and cunning treachery, but I cannot believe that Gospel George is the guilty one. What could be his object? He has fought for us, has been badly wounded—"

"He didn't reckon you'd ever see'd these wounds, hev you?" dryly added Barnes. "An' what was the reason our weapons didn't go off? 'Cause somebody 'd doctored 'em. Who could 'a' did it? Just one o' two persons—the two as war left alone with 'em this afternoon; Gospel George an' poor dead Alf. Picard."

"If may, possibly, have been an accident," said Harry, yet evidently struck by the clearness of Grumbling Dick's reasoning. "The caps may have got wet, or have fallen off. Keep a close look-out while I see."

A hasty examination—through the "sense of touch"—assured Harry that the tubes were still capped. Holding the weapon close to the ground, he tried each cylinder. Two of the caps had been snapped before; the other four burst with full force.

"That settles it!" muttered Lane, sternly. "Draw closer, boys, and rig up some sort of a screen—a couple of blankets will do. Two of you hold them—so! the rest must keep a close watch. Those devils may be down upon us at any moment!"

Harry was not idle while giving these directions. Hastily collecting a few dry splinters, he struck a match and kindled a fire beneath the blankets held by his two comrades. His brow darkened as he examined his pistol. The traitor and not the dead work. Each tube of the weapon was crowded full of a stiff clay, yet so neatly done that the mischief could only be detected by a close examination. A stout pin speedily put the weapon in order, and then Harry turned his attention to the others. They, also, had been "doctored," but the remedy was equally as easy, and then the miners began to breathe freely once more. If the enemy intended an assault, they would be warmly received.

"What're you goin' to do about it?" persisted Dick Barnes, as the fire was extinguished and the little party settled down once more to their wary watch.

"What can be done? What proof have we against any person? True, he was left alone with the weapons; but when we were sinking the gold out yonder, all our weapons were left on shore, and neither me, by divine! I heard when he landed, an' struck after 'im, but he was too sople for me, an' got off in the dark. You hain't none o' ye seen my pistol round here? I dropped the dratted thing when it played off on me."

A low, cautious whistle came to their ears, followed by one of the signals which had been used by them in their hunt for the person who had delivered the first message from Fiery Fred.

"Remember!" whispered Lane, warningly, as he answered the signal.

A moment later Gospel George entered the trench and silently dropped a wet, dripping object into Lane's hand. A peculiar thrill crept over the young man as he felt that it was *human hair*!

"You needn't be skeered, boss," said Gospel George, with a faint chuckle. "Tain't no live skelp—I wish it was! I overtook the pizen critter out thar, in the water, an' jest when I thought I hed him dead to rights, the thing giv' away an' he slipped me, by divine! I heard when he landed, an' struck after 'im, but he was too sople for me, an' got off in the dark. You hain't none o' ye seen my pistol round here? I dropped the dratted thing when it played off on me."

"Ours did the same—we found the tubes had been plugged up with clay," quietly uttered Harry.

If Gospel George was not innocent, his astonishment was a perfect bit of acting, so much so that even Grumbling Dick did not utter a word of suspicion.

"I can't see into it," muttered the old man. "Thar was my rifle—they hed jest as much chance at it as 'others; an' yit she yelped out loud enough!"

"Didn't you wish it out this even'g, just after supper?" suddenly asked Tom Weston.

"That's it! an' the water must 'a' soaked out the stuff!" exclaimed Gospel George. "I reckon I'm losin' my mind not to think o' that! But that don't help us any—how did the darn stuff get in thar, an' who put it in? That's what we want to find out!"

"Talkin' will not mend the matter," interposed Harry. "Let it drop, now. To-morrow we will look it over. I think I have a clew that will lead us to the truth."

"If you do find the dirty sneak, jest let me hev the fast lick at him, boss!" begged the old man. "Only fer him I'd 'a' made sure work o' that pizen imp!"

"You think it was Fiery Fred?"

"Yes, I don't reckon thar's many men in his gang as would be 't'ryin' such a trick, even if they did know our weapons hed bin fixed. S'pose we'd thought o' such a thing a little arter? or if I hedn't—like a durned bull-headed fool—emptied my rifle at them rocks over yander—whar would he 'a' bin now?"

The party soon relaxed into complete silence. The knowledge that at least one traitor was among them, and possibly even then plotting more mischief, was not an agreeable feeling, and not one of the number but eagerly welcomed the first light of day as it encircled the mountain peaks.

The dead miner was laid gently in the trench and covered with a blanket for the present. Jotham Gray joined them, saying that his brother had not been disturbed by the night alarm, and that the women would soon have breakfast ready.

Harry Lane drew Grumbling Dick aside and spoke to him earnestly. He was going out to search for some signs of Ned Allen, and Dick must take charge of the camp during his absence. Picard must be buried, though it would be better not to attempt any other work.

"Let me go 'long with you, rather than him."

"No; I can trust you here, but I can't trust I'd rather have him under my eye, all the time. Hist! not a word!"

Gospel George approached them, showing the revolver which he had recovered. Like the rest, it had been tampered with.

"Put it in order," quietly said Lane. "We may have use for it this morning. You will go with me to look after Allen?"

Gospel George gave a prompt assent, and no more was said on the subject until after breakfast. Lane spoke to each of the men in turn and warned them to extra caution.

In silence the two men left the valley by the pass taken by Ned Allen, nor was a word spoken until Gospel George abruptly paused beside a large boulder, pointing out two clearly-defined footprints.

"They're his'n. Hestopped here—leaned back ag'in' the rock—them bits o' fuzz came from his shirt. I reckon we'll take up the trail from this point, if you're 'greeable, boss."

"You can't follow it over these rocks!" exclaimed Harry, despondently. "A horse wouldn't leave a trail!"

"It may be slow work, but I kin do it," quietly replied the old scout. "I kin do a heap o' things I don't know nothin' about, but they ain't follerin' a trail. It's the gift I'm proudest of. You show me one end of a trail, an' I'll show you 'other, if you're willin' to trust me. Which is it?"

"Go on. There is no other chance. One

might hunt a month among these rocks without finding anything!"

"That depends on his style o' workin'." Now you watch me, an' you'll know somethin' more about the skience o' trailin' when we git through."

The scout seemed to forget all else in the interest of his work, stooping low as he glided along, reading the sign step by step, where, look keenly as he might, Harry could discover absolutely nothing.

"It's a gift, as I said afore," uttered Gospel George, with a low laugh, as he straightened himself to rest his back. "It's a gift, an' you hain't got it, while I hev—an' thar lays the hull difference. Ef a man ain't born with it, he can't practice in the world won't make him with shucks when it comes to pickin' up a blind trail. Ef I was only sure the boss was all right, I wouldn't ax no better fun than this kind o' work. But I'm woundedly as the boy's run into trouble. Mebbe you don't know it, but this trail, of it keeps right on, 'I lead chuck up to the shanty o' that greaser feller. You don't reckon he had any thoughts o' her?"

He started out to look for her. That dog belonged to her, I believe," slowly replied Lane.

Gospel George made no reply, but a shade crept over his face, and from that moment on his running fire of quaint remarks ceased, nor did he speak again until, coming to where the trail grew less distinct, he handed Lane his rifle.

"You will hold that for me. I've got to do some close work here. Mind an' don't come too nigh and spyle what little chance thar is."

Harry's suspicions, which had all along been gradually lessening, as he noted the intense earnestness displayed by the traitor, were entirely set at rest by this voluntary disarming. Surely a traitor would not so carelessly place himself utterly at the mercy of the betrayed!

Slowly but surely the keen-eyed scout picked out the trail until the difficult point was passed, and within another half-hour he reached the ridge from which Ned Allen had caught his first glimpse of the stone building.

After a brief scrutiny, the march was resumed, the work now being comparatively easy. Ned, in running along to intercept Inez, had left a broad trail.

"I knowed it!" muttered Gospel George, as the huge boulder was reached. "The lad was led into a trap—look at the blood!"

"It may not have been his," faltered Lane, deeply moved.

In silent answer Gospel George pointed to a dark object lying half beneath a rock. Harry grasped it up, with a low groan. It was the hat worn by the missing miner.

"He may have bin wounded—he may be a prisoner," he muttered, grasping at the faintest hope.

"It may be, but I'm dub'ous. Look!" and the scout pointed to a pile of rocks hastily thrown together. "They're a dead man kivered up thar—you kin see his clothes!"

Without a word Harry sprung forward and began tearing aside the rough stones, resolved on learning the truth, however bitter. But at that instant a crushing weight seemed to fall upon his head, and a low, haunting laugh rung in his ears; then all was blackness.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 391.)

## Base-Ball.

BY HENRY CHADWICK.

## BASE-BALL NOTES AND GOSSIP.

THOUGH the League championship season has ended there will still be plenty of playing done until the regular closing day of the season, Thanksgiving Day, in November. Now is the time for the statistics of the season's play to begin to be published, and the Western papers are going into the figure business with a rush. The Chicago *Tribune* began it, and the Louisville *Courier* followed suit, both papers' tables differing in their conclusions. Both leave out the Cincinnati club's averages, which is not just. It is all very well to throw out the club's games in the championship count, but not in the making-up of the averages.

According to the *Courier-Journal's* figures the following players occupy the first three positions in their respective nines:

BATTING.		
PLAYERS.	CLUBS.	PER CENT OF TIMES AT BAT.
White, J. B.	Boston	.391
O'Rourke, C. F.	"	.375
Sutton, S. S.	"	.367
Cassidy, R. F.	Hartford	.347
Start, J. B.	"	.325
Burdock, J. B.	"	.324
Anson, J. B.	Chicago	.323
McVey, C. F.	"	.323
Peters, S. S.	"	.305
Hall, L.	Louisville	.304
Gerhardt, J. B.	"	.300
Crowley, C. F.	"	.297
Clapp, C. F.	St. Louis	.294
Reinisch, C. F.	"	.286
Force, S. S.	"	.255
FIELDING.		
PLAYERS.	CLUBS.	PER CENT OF CHANCES ACCEPTED.
Start, J. B.	Hartford	.969
Burdock, J. B.	"	.930
York, C. F.	Chicago	.925
Spaulding, J. B.	"	.920
Barnes, S. S.	"	.918
Glenn, J. B.	"	.918
White, C. F.	Boston	.918
Morrell, J. B.	"	.910
Leonard, J. B.	"	.908
Latham, J. B.	Louisville	.907
Cravay, J. B.	"	.905
Hall, L.	"	.905
Cravay, J. B.	St. Louis	.900
Frost, J. B.	"	.884
Dehman, J. B.	"	.915

The following are the nines engaged for 1878 thus far:

BOSTON.		ST. LOUIS.	
Brown, catcher.	Snyder, Clapp, catcher.	Devlin, pitcher.	
Bond, pitcher.	Craft, 1st base.	McVey, 2d base.	
Morrell, 1st base.	Burdock, 2d base.	Battin, 3d base.	
Burdock, 2d base.	McVey, 2d base.	Battin, 3d base.	
Sutton, 3d base.	Wright, short-stop.	Pearce, short-stop.	
Leonard, left-field.	Leonard, left-field.	Blong, center-field.	
O'Rourke, center-field.	Manning, right-field.	Clapp, right-field.	

CINCINNATI. Allison, catcher. Mitchell, pitcher. Sullivan, 1st base. Gerhardt, 2d base. Goley, 3d base. Goley, short-stop. Jones, left-field. Pike, center-field. Kelley, right-field. Highland, right-field.

Base-Ball has been introduced into Turkey, through the efforts of the Rev. Chas. J. Richardson, of the West Point Board of Directors. When this gentleman graduated at Hobart College he accepted the position of professor of the higher English branches in Roberts College, Constantinople, which he held for three years. He devoted the hours of recreation to the inducting of his pupils into the mysteries of the diamond field. There were soon two capital clubs formed among the students, and the game became so popular that now there are nines in all parts of the empire.

The following is the batting and fielding record of the Brooklyn-Hartford first-base league games, the percentage being first-base hits to times at bat: Cassidy, .380; Start, .327; York, .280; Carey, .259; Holdsworth, .251; Ferguson, .250; Burdock, .238; Larkin, .225; Harbridge, .224; Allison, .145. The fielding record is as follows, the percentage being chances accepted to chances offered: Start, 1st b., .963; Burdock, 2d b., .899; Ferguson, 3d b.,

.860; Holdsworth, c. f., .859; York, 1. f., .853; Carey, s. s., .833; Allison, c., .812; Harbridge, c., .812; Cassidy, r. f., .766; Larkin, p., .753.

The Chicago club have as yet done nothing toward getting up a team for 1878. At a recent meeting they elected officers for the ensuing year, but nothing was done to show whether the club intended getting up a new team or not.

It was found, under the charter of the club, that some officers would have to be elected to carry on the business of the corporation until the expiration of the contracts which it had out; and accordingly Messrs. J. B. Lyon, W. H. Murray, Philip Wadsworth, W. A. Hulbert, and A. G. Spaulding were chosen Directors. The Board subsequently elected W. A. Hulbert President, and A. G. Spaulding Secretary. The list of Directors contains but one new name, that of Philip Wadsworth. Mr. Hulbert will probably run the machine himself next season. He had all to say in the work of 1877.

The following card from Ben Shott, of Cincinnati, shows how utterly unfit for the manager of a reliable professional team he is:

"To the Editor of the Enquirer: 'The Brown Stocking Base-Ball Club, after giving me two dates, reconsidered their action, and now I will bet them two dollars to one, as often as they dare put up, that the Ludlows can beat them on any day and any place, winning club take stakes and give gate receipts to the Children's Home. Put up Browns or shut up, and say you fear the Ludlows.'"

"Manager Ludlow Base-Ball Club."

It was Shott who tried his best to make Sunday ball-playing legal in the Queen City and its suburbs, but he failed.

## Adventures in the North-west.

BY MAJOR MAX MARTINE.

Formerly of the Hudson Bay Company's Service.

## PLUCK vs. LUCK.

THE writer was at one time employed as a scout by the commandant at Fort Owen; and while in the service of the Government met with one of those adventures so rare in the life of the scout and hunter, illustrating the fact that some men seem to bear a "charmed" life.

There are some whom the Indians have come to regard with a feeling of superstition—who, they imagine, are under the especial protection of the Great Spirit.

In one of my excursions about the fort, I came upon the fresh track of a grizzly bear, and as it was early in the day I resolved to have a little sport.

(Now I do not wish the reader to throw the *JOURNAL* aside with the remark, "another big lie" for there are many who can testify to the truth of this "bear story" and, after all, it may not be like some other one they may have read.)

I had been in at the death of several grizzlies, but never having killed one alone, I proposed to do it or—what? I took the track and put after the bear.

The country here was very rough. Great hills lifting their snow-capped summits on every side; the scrub-oak thickets in little patches all around; the memory of which was brought to me years later, in the dark-green *chaparral* groves of New Mexico.

Following up the track, I found it led up a heavily-wooded hill, the top of which, visible through the tops of the sycamores, was covered with enormous piles of rock—great boulders of granite—and it was among these rocks that I expected to meet the bearship.

I started to make the tour of the hill, to see if I could discover any tracks leading down. I had made about half the circuit, and was turning the corner of a large rock, when I was confronted by the grizzly himself.

I was not more than ten feet from him, and I imagine he was as much astonished as myself; but as he rose to his hind feet, I gave him a shot in the breast.

In my haste I had not taken very accurate aim, and the ball, instead of finding his heart, glanced off inflicting a severe wound.

Of course this only enraged the bear, and I hastened to put a greater distance between us, so started on a run down the slope.

In going straight or diagonally down, I could outrun the bear, but I knew that if I started up I was a "goner," for the long hind legs of the bear gave him a great advantage over me.

But, as there is an end to everything, so there was to that hill; and I knew that unless I disabled him before we reached the level ground, my chances of escape were slim, and that the Government would be one man "out."

My gun was a breech-loading rifle, and it required but a short time to get a ball into place; and every time I stopped to fire, the bear would rise upon his feet, just in time to receive my shot in his huge carcass.

I gave him seven shots, the last fortunately piercing his brain, and ending the fight.

I had about come to the conclusion that he was bullet-proof, and had I failed with my last shot to bring him down, I had resolved to drop my gun, and go for him with my knife.

But I was saved the experiment; and, nearly exhausted, I sat down upon the bleeding carcass to rest.

I consider it within the province of every writer to give an intelligible description of the subjects upon which he writes; and that as he goes along—it has certainly been my experience that the author who does that pleases the greatest number of readers—and with that understanding of my duty, I shall endeavor to follow it.

It is not going beyond the bounds of truth to assert that the grizzly bear of the Rocky Mountains is as formidable an enemy as the hunter is called upon to meet, wherever the hunting-ground, or whatever the animal may be.

When caught out on the open prairie, where he can be attacked on horseback and lassoed, the chances are against the bear; but in a broken country, woe to his assailants, unless life is saved by some trick, a lucky shot, or some unlooked-for expedient.

These bears weigh from six to fifteen hundred pounds, and their fore feet, which they can manage with the dexterity of a trained boxer, often measure fifteen inches across.

The courage, sagacity and skill invariably shown by a grizzly bear, when fighting, are not equaled by any other animal on the face of the globe, not excepting even the African lion.

Of the Indians who live mostly by hunting, nine out of ten would, single-handed and alone, put to flight a dozen of the cowardly Africans who generally hunt the lion in his native wilds; and among the braves of any tribe, he is the bravest who alone, will attack and kill a grizzly bear.

If he succeeds, which is rarely the case, his fortune is made in the tribe for all time to come. The reputation of performing so great a deed will follow him to his grave, and will form one of the chief features in the tradition

which is handed down from father to son through all succeeding generations.

After carefully refilling the chambers of my rifle, I laid down upon the carcass of the bear to take a little rest, but my *siesta* was of short duration.

Hearing a noise behind me, I turned my head and saw five Indians each with an arrow fitted to his bow-string. They had undoubtedly witnessed my fight with the grizzly, and looked as if they would like to become the possessors, both of myself and the bear; and simultaneously they made a rush for me.

By a lucky shot I brought down the foremost Indian, badly wounding the one behind him, who commenced a howling that would have done credit to a first-class "mule concert."

I then turned to run, thinking they would follow me, and that I would be able to pick them off one at a time.

The three remaining red-skins let fly their arrows—every one of which passed through my clothing, but none of them drawing blood. As they fired, I turned and returned the compliment, bringing down one more.

Only two were left; and had there been any shelter near I should have had no fears. As it was, I sought refuge behind the nearest tree, which I had barely reached when two more arrows came whizzing past.

Lucky fellows, at all events, thought I; and before they could conceal themselves I got another shot at one, which, though it did not kill him, broke his right arm; so I counted him out of the play, and waited patiently for the other to make his appearance.

I could tell where he was concealed, but could not succeed in drawing his shot.

At length, getting tired of waiting, I stepped from behind the tree, giving him a fair shot at me. He took advantage of his opportunity, and his arrow brushing my ear made me think that I was, perhaps, a little rash.

I discharged my gun at the place where I had anticipated the grizzly would be, and, drawing his tomahawk, he rushed toward me.

He had not seen me reload my piece, and supposing it was now empty, was confident of securing my scalp.

He reckoned without his host; or was not acquainted with the breech-loading carbine. He did not stop, but came on with a yell.

It was his last one, however, for, as I pressed the trigger, he made one leap into the air, and fell with his death-song frozen between his lips.

After resting awhile I skinned the grizzly, and cutting off his claws returned to the fort.

I narrated my adventures, but there is a simple yet profound truth from Enoch Arden: "Things are greater than things heard," and the Indian part of the story they would not believe, until, accompanied by a squad of the soldiers, I next morning led them to the scene of the unequal conflict.

We found the carcass of the bear, and also the bodies of three Indians, together with the blood-covered tracks of the wounded ones.

I had not expected to come out of the fracas with the bear, with a whole skin—much less the encounter with the Indians; but it was pluck against luck, and my disregard of consequences took me through all sound.

I have not given this incident in a spirit of egotism, but merely to show how much danger a man may pass through and come out "scot free." No wonder the Indians regard with a feeling of superstition, the man who goes through such dangers without receiving his death-wound.

[NOTE.—It is a historical fact, found in the reports of the commanding officer, that Maj. Martine did kill three Indians, almost in sight of the fort.—Ed.]

## CONSUMPTION CURED.

AN old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy, for the speedy and permanent cure of consumption, bronchitis, catarrh, asthma, and all throat and lung affections, also a positive and radical cure for nervous debility and all nervous complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive, and a desire to relieve human suffering, I send, free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. W. Sherar, 126 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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